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Diary of the Week.

By 131 votes to 114 the House of Lords waived their amendments to the Parliament Bill on Thursday night. The result was to the last uncertain. If one of Lord Lansdowne's men announced his intention of voting with the Government in order to secure acceptance, he was countered by another who declared that in that case he was released from his pledge of abstention, and would vote with the Opposition. But saving sense, a touch of humor—Lord Newton's remark that, as to ridicule, the Government would have the peers and the peers the ridicule, will be remembered—and last, but not least, the deliberate declaration of Lord Morley that the creation would be of the full number to meet all contingencies—these considerations carried the day. The Spiritual peers were found in an overwhelming majority on the side of moderation. Two exalted ones clambered slowly and painfully down from the archiepiscopal fence to the floor of the Government lobby. Lord Rosebery—not but that he knew that someone else ought to have been "sent for"—came before a surprised world on the side of his own old party. Lord Willoughby de Broke's frank admission that a dozen general elections would make no difference to him pained even the elect of Toryism, and had caused a shuddering hush to pass through the Unionist Press. Lord Milner cheerfully accepted the consequences which erstwhile he damned. In the end the irresponsibles wavered over on to the side of safety, and the Bill is through.

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THE Vote of Censure debate on Monday was important chiefly for the opportunity which it offered

to Mr. Asquith of putting before the public a complete and concise statement of the Government case. At His Majesty's own desire, the exact nature of the communications which passed between the Ministers and the Crown was succinctly stated. The story is very simple. That steps would have to be taken to vindicate the authority of the House of Commons was definitely announced by Mr. Asquith in April of last year in language which, he now tells us, was adopted after full consultation with his colleagues, and communicated to King Edward, who was then abroad. The statement, it will be remembered, was to the effect that the Government could not recommend a dissolution "under such conditions that in the new Parliament the judgment of the people would not be carried into law." That, as Mr. Asquith himself said, is very plain language, and everybody understood what it meant. There followed the death of King Edward, and the attempt to settle the constitutional question by agreement. On the failure of this attempt, a fresh appeal to the people became necessary, but Ministers informed the King that they could only advise a dissolution on the understanding that, assuming their policy to be approved by an adequate majority in the House of Commons, the prerogative of creating Peers would, if necessary, be brought into play. King George on his side came to the decision that as a constitutional Sovereign, "he had no alternative but to assent to the advice of the Cabinet."

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MR. ASQUITH quite rightly maintains that there was here no guarantee. The word was an ill-chosen one. All that Ministers required to know was that in this, as in all ordinary matters, the Sovereign would be guided by their advice. Without that assurance it would have been impossible for them to go to the country. So much was matter of general agreement within the Liberal Party, and Mr. Balfour's injured surprise at the discovery, as he supposes it to be, that the Government have had these "guarantees" in their pockets for seven months, will not be shared by anyone who has followed the course of the controversy. That in the end it must come to the use of the prerogative was maintained by all Liberal writers and speakers from the very beginning of the struggle, as far back as 1907. If Liberals have had any criticisms to make upon their leaders, it is certainly not that they have been too hasty in their insistence on the ultimate necessity of using their power. But it is only just to say that any feeling that there may have been as to the tardiness of the Government measures has been cancelled by general admiration alike of the firmness shown by the Prime Minister, and of his masterly presentation of the case.

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THE censure motion was defeated by a majority of 119, and on Tuesday the House entered on the consideration of the amendments by the Lords. The principal feature of the debate was the violent speech of Lord Hugh Cecil, who wished to see the Prime Minister punished by criminal law, holding that he and the Government had been guilty of high treason. By way of proving his own appreciation of the spirit of liberty

and order, Lord Hugh declared that the question of Home Rule would not be decided at Westminster, but at Belfast, and that the Government could not complain if the people in the north-west of Ireland organised a secession from the government which they proposed to set up. This incitement to violence was very properly rebuked by Mr. Churchill, who asked Lord Hugh Cecil to consider what his attitude would be if some of the 70,000 men now on strike, some of them hungry, some of them suffering, were to break out into riotous actions. The serious feature of Lord Hugh Cecil's violence is that it is clearly calculated, and that the hot bloods among the Tory insurgents are apparently looking forward with deliberation to the prospect of destroying the Government by wrecking Home Rule, and of wrecking Home Rule by inciting disorder.

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In the House of Lords a welcome reappearance was made in Tuesday's debate by Lord Crewe, who threw an interesting light on the view taken by the King in November, 1910, of what was then regarded as the only possible alternative to a dissolution—namely, the resignation of Ministers and the calling in of Mr. Balfour to form a Government. It is now made clear that the feasibility of this course was considered, and that the arguments against its adoption were as apparent to the King as to his advisers, if indeed it was not the King who actually first gave expression to them. So much, at least, may be inferred from the significant words in which Lord Crewe referred to the view held by His Majesty as "shared by his Ministers."

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THROUGHOUT the week the real debate has not been between the Government and the Opposition, but between the two sections of the Unionist Party, and has been conducted with the repressed and smouldering intensity which is the invariable concomitant of such political civil wars. So far as we can judge, the only result of the feud is to make confusion worse confounded in the house of Unionism. From one point of view the trouble is the outcome of the long-standing revolt of the Tariff Reformers against the Balfour leadership, and in such a revolt the position of such men as Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. F. E. Smith is intelligible enough. But Lord Hugh Cecil, who has been its most violent exponent, has been found working with those who have been his chief foes within the party, and apart from this personal issue, if militant Unionism is to keep the constitutional controversy alive, what becomes of the prospect of putting Tariff Reform to the electors as the central question at the next contest? However, the revolt has once again failed, and the Unionist leaders retain their position. It is, indeed, one of the ironies of politics that a Bill which puts the seal of failure on the Balfour-Lansdowne management of the House of Lords should, in the circumstances of its final passage, be a triumph to no one so surely as to Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne.

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In London, Liverpool, and Manchester, the carrying trade has been partially paralysed during the week by a connected series of strikes. In London the dockers, who last month obtained the satisfaction of almost all their demands, have gone out again in sympathy with the lightermen, the stevedores, and the carmen, whose grievances have been through the week the subject of a

series of conferences, the upshot of which at the time of writing is that the coal-porters have been satisfied, and that a provisional agreement has been reached with the carmen. The effect on London traffic and the price of food was immediate and marked, but the Trade Unions very rightly agreed not to hinder the supply of ice to the hospitals, or to interfere with the disposal of sewage, or with the transport of water-borne coal for the purposes of the London water supply. Sensational accounts of strike incidents decorate the placards of the evening press, but the correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" probably gives a more detached view when he writes "that the main thing is the amazing good humor of all parties." In one case fire-arms are alleged to have been used, not however by the strikers, but against them. It seems probable that the men still have the economic conditions in their favor, and notwithstanding the almost total lack of funds and the improvised character of their organisation, will be able to secure substantial concessions all round.

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In Manchester the sporadic engineering disputes appear to be for the most part settled, but there is a very serious movement among the Lancashire and Yorkshire railway men, which extends to Liverpool, and to some extent affects other companies as well. At a meeting of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, one of the shareholders, Mr. Grundy, put in a very weighty plea for a more statesman-like attitude on the part of the directors. He urged them not to stand upon the letter of the Conciliation Agreement, but to make an endeavor to get at the mind of the railway men, and try to come to a settlement with them. In view of the increased dividends which this Company and others affected are now able to pay, the opportunity is surely a good one for the re-consideration of the conditions of labor. We notice a statement that in at least one case clerks have been dismissed for declining to take the place of porters on strike—surely, if true, a very high-handed exercise of the employer's prerogative.

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PAYMENT of Members, once a plank of the most advanced Radical programme, became a reality on Thursday night, almost unnoticed in the excitement of the Constitutional crisis. Mr. George's speech was a happy combination of amusing chaff of Mr. Lee, with serious and solid argument for the motion. We have been left behind in this, as in so many matters of democratic progress where once we led the van among nations. The services of a Member of Parliament are as real, and are becoming almost as onerous, as those of a Minister. They are as responsible as any that can be named. To conceive of any degradation attaching to their payment is to form a completely false conception of the position of a Member and the nature of his responsibilities. But if any Member is to be paid, all must; there can be no invidious distinctions. All this is now pretty nearly matter of common agreement, the only room for difference being as to the amount of the salary, which we think is fixed a trifle higher than the exigencies of the case demand.

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THE Board of Trade returns for July have given rise to some searchings of heart. Hitherto there has been every indication that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was justified in his prediction that we should have a sunny year. In a physical and literal sense that prophecy

has turned out almost too true, but in a metaphorical and commercial sense we all hope that it will be abundantly justified, and until the other day there seemed every reason to anticipate that this would actually be the case. The July returns for the first time suggest evidence of a check to that expansion of prosperity which began in the spring of 1909. The only question is how they should be interpreted. There is, to begin with, an increase in imports, balanced by a decline of £3,700,000 in exports. Apart from all other circumstances this is noteworthy as a reversal of the tendency of the last few months during which imports have, on the whole, declined, while exports have maintained a substantial rate of growth. But the important question is as to the causes of this check in our export trade. The number of working days last month was the same as a year ago, nor was there then any exceptional activity in our foreign trade. One factor which we can be quite sure affected the figures, though unfortunately we cannot precisely estimate its influence, was the shipping strike, which assumed serious proportions at the very beginning of the month. This certainly goes some way to explain the contrast between the figures of the export and the import trade. Cargoes which were held up by the strikers would still be included in the returns, and if there were an increase of imports for other reasons, the figures would not be affected by the strike. Exports, on the other hand, must have been seriously affected by the loss or cancelling of orders. All of the chief ports for the export of coal, for instance, were temporarily in the grip of the strike.

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It would be rash to assume, however, that the sudden and almost indiscriminate decline in the total of the exports was entirely due to the strike. There are certain anomalies which cannot be so explained. In the important case of cotton, for instance, while the Far Eastern demand showed a serious falling off, exports to Turkey, Persia, and the Near East, as a whole, continued to expand. In other cases also the losses are not so evenly distributed as they would appear at first sight, and the influence of the strike is to that extent a less adequate explanation. More serious, perhaps, as bearing on the immediate future, is the continued decline of the imports of raw materials. The increase on the side of imports is due to food, drink, tobacco, and manufactures, while raw materials fell by £2,100,000, of which about only three-quarters of a million can be accounted for by the lower price of rubber. The fall in the importation of raw materials was the first indication of the slackening of the rate of trade in the autumn of 1907, and, in general, such a fall, unless explicable by the movement of prices, must be taken as an indication that orders for manufactures are falling off. In the present case there is a decline in each of the staple trades, though it does not present an alarming figure in any one of them taken alone. For the seven months of the year, up to date, the net decline amounts to £582,000, and that, in spite of a heavy increase in the importation of raw cotton. Rubber and oils have been chiefly responsible, and though the fall in the prices is a part of the explanation, it would hardly seem to account for the whole of the adverse movement revealed by the July figures.

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Nothing is known through any official, or even semi-official, channel of the progress of the Moroccan negotiations. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any advance

whatever has been made during the past week. So far as is known in Berlin, the representatives of France and Germany, M. Cambon and Herr Kiderlen-Wächter, have not even met. The tendency of guesswork, *e.g.*, in the "Temps," is, however, to suggest that Germany has greatly modified her demands, and now asks only for some territory carved from the remoter inland region of the French Congo in return for her assent to the French absorption of Morocco. The French objection, which is probably mainly an echo of British wishes, seems to have been rather to the cession of any part of the coast-line than to a surrender of territory inland. The general tone of comment in Paris is optimistic and patient. The less responsible German newspapers, on the other hand, have uttered some very noisy threats.

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The affair of Captain Stokes threatens seriously to embarrass the Persian Government in its efforts to organise reform. The captain was a British military attaché in Teheran, who speaks Persian, knows the country, and is trusted by the people. For these rare qualifications he was chosen by Mr. Shuster, the American expert at the head of Persian finances, to organise a "Treasury gendarmerie," a force charged with the collection of taxes. Russia has objected, and has threatened to occupy the whole of Northern Persia if any Englishman is employed there. Sir Edward Grey has acceded to the Russian view, and it seems that, even though Captain Stokes had resigned his commission in the Indian Army, his appointment will have to be cancelled. The effect is to emphasise the partition of Persia. The Anglo-Russian Convention laid down in words that neither Power should seek concessions in the other's economic sphere. This incident now formally converts the economic sphere into a close political preserve. Meanwhile the ex-Shah advances, and has achieved at least one military success. He is said to have six Russian naval officers in his suite. The Persians cannot use the Russo-Persian Cossack brigade against him, which none the less they are forced to pay. They are improvising a defence force under the capable Armenian Yeprem, which is thought to be strong enough to hold Teheran.

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As a topic of conversation, the hot weather shares pride of place with the "Die-hards" and the "Die-easies." On Wednesday last the temperature in the City was 95 degrees in the shade, a higher point than has been recorded for eighteen years; while at Enfield the thermometer is said to have reached 98, the highest temperature ever known in Great Britain. There is a serious scarcity of water in many districts, the newspapers print contradictory prescriptions for keeping cool, and, to add to the discomfort, the dock strike has diminished the available supply of ice. The Territorials who are under canvas have suffered a good deal, and on one day last week no fewer than sixteen heath fires were notified to the London Fire Brigade. A slight compensation is to be found in the really striking views of London that are now possible. The clear air enables one to see prospects that have been invisible for many years. On the other hand, there have been many deaths from the heat, especially of children, and the East London Coroner on Wednesday held seven inquests on children who died from this cause. He stated that all the hospitals were full, and that in the London Hospital the adults' beds had to be used for children. Present conditions give little hope of immediate relief.

Politics and Affairs.

THE END AND THE BEGINNING.

THE constitutional crisis is at an end. The past week has written the last chapter in the story that begins with 1832. The closing phases of this story have been determined by the action of the House of Lords itself. In the normal development of constitutional change it might have been expected—years ago it was expected—that the vitality of the House of Lords would slowly and imperceptibly wither away. It was held in the 'seventies, and even in the early 'eighties, that the transfer of substantial power to the House of Commons was now an accomplished fact, never again to be questioned or withstood. To this democratic optimism the opposition of the Lords to the Reform Bill of 1884 administered a certain check, and the tenderness of the statesmen of that day was largely responsible for much of the trouble of the ensuing years. It was not, however, until the House of Commons became more democratic that the House of Lords began to assert itself. The short-lived Liberal Parliament of 1892 was reduced to impotence by the rejection of its leading measures, and the catastrophe of 1895 was the doom which the electors passed upon legislative impotency. After 1895 the peers slumbered and slept, but as soon as democracy bestirred itself, as Imperialism crumbled, and new demands began to be vocal and clamant, it was natural for the forces of the established order to cast about and seek for themselves a citadel where they might retire. The flood of 1906 swept their friends from the House of Commons, and it remained to be seen whether they would accept the verdict of the people or would retire into outer fastnesses of constitutional form, and seek to hold them until the storm should have passed. This was, in fact, the alternative they preferred. The Peers, guided by Lord Lansdowne, went about to make the fullest possible use of the privileges given them by the Constitution. They set systematically to work to destroy Liberal legislation. They proceeded with a certain skill. They did not go indiscriminately into the work of demolition. They passed measures to appease one party while they were wrecking those which particularly appealed to another section, and in the earlier years they had their reward. They made Liberal legislation a laughing stock, reduced the House of Commons to impotence and the supporters of the Government to despair. But the weapon which they had wielded proved double-edged. They practised in particular upon measures commending themselves to the old Liberalism, measures of educational reform, measures of temperance reform. These they believed had behind them less of the driving force of public opinion. The only result was to divert the energies of the Liberal Party into channels that appealed more directly to the popular interest. The Lords accelerated the arrival of systematic social reform as the ideal of progressive politics, and the Budget of 1909 was the first-fruits of the movement. It was at this point that the House of Lords made its fatal mistake. Failing to appreciate the new forces at work, the Peers decided to stretch the privileges which undoubtedly re-

mained to them in accordance with the letter of constitutional history, and defying all precedent, and "damning all consequences," they rejected for the first time in our history the financial provision for the year. By this action the contest was precipitated, a contest which even then, under other circumstances, might have been long postponed, and it was taken on an issue less favorable to the House of Lords than any of those which had hitherto arisen.

From such a situation there could be only one way out. The Government was compelled to deal with the whole position of the Second Chamber. They could not limit themselves to the financial question which had precipitated the conflict. No Liberal Ministry could dream of returning to a position of responsibility devoid of legislative power. Nor could there be any reasonable doubt as to the method by which, in the end, the surrender of power was to be enforced. This is not the moment to hark back to old controversies, but if the action of the Government is to be criticised by history, it will certainly not be for any undue eagerness to make use of the Royal Prerogative. The protests of the Opposition on this point leave the public cold. Two General Elections within a year yielding the same issue must be assumed to have some result, and the whole machinery of the Constitution becomes meaningless if that result can be nullified by a number of irresponsible men putting upon it their own interpretation. The actual creation of peers is, fortunately, no more necessary now than it was in 1832. It is a weapon which remains in the armory of the Constitution, whence it is to be hoped it will never be taken out to be furbished up again. From the Liberal point of view, there was only one use to which it could be put. Four hundred peers might be created to crush the supremacy of all peers, not for any other use, and the plain intimation that this use might be made of the Royal Prerogative has for years been the *ultima ratio* to which the democracy could appeal. For our part we are glad that the threat has sufficed, not only because we dislike the multiplication of peerages, but because we deem it better in the interests of a permanent settlement that the constitutional change should have been ratified by the existing peers.

With the passage of the Parliament Bill, the evolution of British democracy may be said to resume its normal course. As we have seen, the apparent increase in the power and the real increase in the pretensions of the House of Lords were not in reality indicative of any serious reaction. On the contrary, they were the natural outcome of democratic progress. If in old days there were few quarrels between the Lords and the Commons, it was because, in the main, Lords and Commons were drawn from one class, representing a single interest. If in our days such disputes have become acute, it is because, more and more, the Commons have come to represent the forty-five millions of British subjects, while the Lords continue to represent irresponsible wealth. Their power has for the most part been indirect, but their influence has been enormous. It has been shown less perhaps in the Bills which they have directly overthrown, than in the projects which have failed to secure

political support because of the certainty that they would be overthrown. The form in which measures have been presented to the House of Commons, and discussed by them, has, in the past, in a large measure been determined, tacitly, if not avowedly, by the consideration of what the Upper House would do. In the future all this will be changed. We shall not find that the Parliament Bill has made all things straight for Liberalism. Two years delay may, we fear, turn out to be a more serious cause of inconvenience than we at present realise. Still, for the first time, the British democracy is master in its own House, and able to set itself to the work of reconstituting the social life of the nation. During the long years of political reaction we fell behind in many respects, and while foreign nations were advancing, politically, educationally, and socially, England may be said to have slumbered and slept. The last five years have witnessed a marvellous burst of activity, but three-quarters of the energy displayed has been necessarily centred on the Constitutional obstacle. At last the course is clear. The present Parliament is still young, and in the years that remain to it we trust that a substantial beginning will be made in wiping off arrears of social legislation, and setting the feet of the nation on the path of democratic progress.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

ALL the world was bidden in the last few days to gather by the bedside of the House of Lords, and see how a good Tory institution could die. As the Scottish lady said of her photograph, it turned out to be an entirely humblin' sight. So arrogant a pretender might at least have been expected to go down with dignity. In Lord Lansdowne's mind, there had been some thought of an impressive, and indeed operatic, exit; a pageant of secession in which the incredible sacrifice, thrice demanded by the nation, should be symbolised before the nation's eyes in the simultaneous withdrawal from its councils of some five hundred stricken noblemen marching forth to unheard music. As Toryism in all its manifestations craves for some element of the theatrical, such a climax might surely have suited the needs of the moment as well as another; and not the less, but rather the more, because of its essential hollowness, since, as Lord Lansdowne indicated, a spectacular secession to-day would still leave the door open for a return to the everyday business of obstruction to-morrow. One flaw existed in the design. Its conception was based on the obstinate fallacy that Toryism is still obsessed by fear and hatred of Liberalism, whereas, as most people are aware, Toryism now sees its worst enemy within its own disorganised ranks.

If hard words are not supposed to count for much in political controversy, it is because of the seemly custom by which their interchange has been left to mutual opponents. When Mr. Asquith told the House of Commons last Monday that the vituperation of the Cecils left him unmoved, everybody knew that he was stating the simple truth. Could Lord Camperdown say as much? This blameless partisan has been assailed with the utmost virulence by his fellow-Unionists, mainly because of a threatened vote in favor of the Parliament Bill. Thus an amendment in the

Bill, for which Lord Camperdown was responsible, having been accepted the other night by Mr. Churchill, Lord Hugh Cecil passed the amiable comment that by such incidents the world was made aware "not only that dog does not eat dog, but that rat does not eat rat." Between opponents, as we know, such amenities are in the day's work. But, between friends? "Vile journal," "degraded journalist"—such are the terms employed by Lord Halsbury to describe a double pillar of his cause, powerful in the Press and not inconspicuous in the House of Lords. "If your motives are so-and-so," says Lord Lansdowne, turning on Lord Halsbury, "then you are playing a part not only unpatriotic but even contemptible." No wonder that the headstrong veteran, who shares with Fox the weakness of never being able to get up without blurring out all that is in his mind, should overlook the characteristic saving clause so adroitly prefixed to the accusation, and should protest against the palpable bitterness of his leader's retaliation. And yet we are now solemnly assured that all this is to mean nothing. Political friendships, as Lord Lansdowne puts it with artistic precision, are to be merely "interrupted." Rat does not eat rat, nor does the independent Cecilian mind that strayed from its party on the Protectionist issue, intend to cherish permanent enmity against any "puppet's deputy" who may have sought the same liberty on yet another vital question. Indeed, there has been no vital question at stake. Echoing Mr. Balfour, honest Lord Halsbury narrows the cause of division down to a point of tactics. With the battle lost and won, we are to suppose that hurly-burly is done, too, and that "interrupted" friendships are to be resumed as if nothing had ever happened to mar their constancy.

Unfaithful in their mutual dealings, and hypocritical even in their recriminations, these strange political guides have shown themselves no less shifty as critics of the Government. In the debates in both Houses this week the burden of their cry has been that Ministers are acting under compulsion, and that if freed from the Nationalist tyranny, they would at once and with eagerness acquiesce in the Lansdowne policy, a travesty of the obvious facts of the situation, only equalled of late by Mr. Balfour's burlesque history of the events of 1832. But how, it may be asked, could the Nationalists, even if willing, turn out a Ministry in a House composed for the greater part of steady Ministerialists, and for the rest, of a party which vehemently condemns the Liberal alliance with Nationalism as a species of treason? Of the ability of Mr. Redmond to perform this miracle, the Unionists entertain not a shadow of doubt. "The Irish could turn you out to-day or to-morrow," said Sir Edward Carson the other night, and the assertion drew an assenting cheer from Mr. Balfour. But how? On the Budget, for instance, suggests the "Times." Surely, however, not without an alliance. And if so, an alliance with whom? A simple problem of which the solution is obvious. Clearly all that is meant by the attacks on the existing coalition is that it prevents another, some nightmare arrangement—for which Sir Edward Carson for one would be ready "to-day or to-morrow"—designed to

turn Mr. Asquith out by Irish and Tory votes, and to keep Mr. Balfourin, if possible, by the same inconceivable combination. Here probably we have an unconscious expression of party cynicism, which, however, is none the less instructive for its naiveté. "To-day or to-morrow," if only Mr. Redmond would oblige, the Tory party would let bygones be bygones, would cheerfully resume an "interrupted" friendship, and would think no more of the abuse with which it has bespattered the name and cause of Ireland. But such things will not be. What our Unionist critics fail to understand is that all their taunts leave us unmoved, because our alliance with the Irish is a natural alliance founded on a common desire for the elements of Constitutional liberty and a common opposition to the men who have refused that liberty to both democracies. The Unionist party has endeavored to drive in a wedge between them, and has failed. It may console itself, but will not injure us by talking of domination and dictatorship, where there is a simple and natural co-operation for a common end.

THE CLAIMS OF LABOR.

LONDON, Liverpool, and Manchester are all once more seriously affected by disputes in the carrying trades. In the face of all probability, the strikes of last month were successful. But they owed their success very largely to the solidarity of distinct but allied branches of labor, and it is this same solidarity which is at work in the renewed outbreaks of the present month. The dockers obtained their terms from the Port of London Authority, but felt themselves bound to support those employed by the Shipping Companies. These, in turn, obtained concessions, but both alike feel constrained to stand by the stevedores and the carmen. In Manchester, the laborers are on strike in some at least of the engineering firms, and both in Manchester and Liverpool certain sections of the railwaymen are in revolt. In the case of the railways the "sympathetic" principle cuts both ways, for the railways are now so closely allied that the transfer of traffic from one line to another is almost a matter of indifference. It follows further that a strike on any one line is likely to spread over a wider and wider area.

Among issues so complex and so numerous it is exceedingly difficult to form any judgment of what is just in detail. But it is not difficult to arrive at a general idea of the causes of the present trouble. In the first place, among the railwaymen there is a widespread disappointment with the working of the Conciliation Boards established as the result of the revolt three years ago. These Boards, it seems to be felt, are too big and too remote to enter with sympathy into the claims or grievances of individual workmen. Last year we saw the Boilermakers revolting, and in the end revolting successfully, against their own leaders and the terms on which those leaders were ready to agree with the employers. The same feeling that prompted that movement and won that victory is still awake. There is a sense that the men must win concessions for themselves, and must not leave too much to bland negotiators. The movement is democratic in the sense that it comes from the mass of the rank-and-file, and is permeated by a

certain distrust of machinery and accredited leadership. Fortunately, this distrust clearly does not extend itself to the skilful intermediaries whose services are at the disposal of the Board of Trade, and Mr. G. R. Askwith is for the time one of the most hard-worked men in the country. Fortunately, again, there is, considering the number of men thrown idle, very little disorder, and a good deal of reasonableness has been shown in the handling of perishable goods and the performance of necessary social services. The men realise the value of the support of public opinion, and will not lightly throw it away.

For such support there are, in fact, apart from all matters of detail, certain broad and general reasons. A member of the Gorton Strike Committee said on Saturday that the aim of the Manchester movement was to level up the wages of unskilled labor to 20s. a week. Now, to Dukes and financiers, impoverished by Clause IV., this will doubtless seem wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. Men who are putting down their third motor car or dismissing their fourth footman in order to save up against the succession duties will doubtless stand aghast at the ambition which makes 20s. a week its ideal, and will shake their heads over the stubbornness of those who refuse to work for anything short of so magnificent an income. But the majority of us who fill up Clause IV. and pay our Income-tax without grumbling, will be ready to agree with the same strike leader when he maintains that even 20s. a week is not an ideal. And we shall find it difficult to withhold our sympathies from men whose ambitions are for the present centred upon that amount of remuneration for their weekly toil. This is not, of course, the wage which all sections concerned in the present unrest are demanding. Many of the grades of labor affected are far less uncomfortably circumstanced. But, in general, as to wages, this has to be noted. The rise in real wages which redeemed the working-classes from the misery into which they had fallen in the "Hungry 'Forties" continued pretty steadily till the middle of the 'nineties. At that time two changes occurred. On the one hand, the growing strength of trade unionism was met and effectively countered by combinations of employers, and the defeat of the Amalgamated Engineers in '97 announced the arrival of a new epoch. On the other hand, there began a rise in general prices, particularly affecting the necessities and simple comforts of life, which has gone on pretty steadily till the present day. The result of these forces acting together is that since the middle 'nineties there has been no further rise in real wages. There have been upward and downward movements in the good and bad years of trade, and, upon the whole, there has been some advance in wages, reckoned in money. But this advance has probably not been sufficient to offset the rise in the cost of living, so that the economic position of the average workman is probably no better, and is possibly rather worse, than it was fifteen years ago. In the meantime, the total wealth of the country has, by general admission, very largely increased. Profits and salaries have rapidly advanced, and the expenditure of the luxurious classes is on a greater scale than ever. This contrast is affecting the minds of the workmen. They are in growing revolt

against the economic system, and even against their own organisations as a part of it. Trade has been good, and labor, coming perhaps late in the day when the tide is turning, is demanding its share. Those who feel something of the mass of misery involved in the wage statistics of a country like ours may agree or disagree with a great deal that the men say or do, but will not waver in their conviction that the success of the unions in vindicating for labor a less niggardly return would tend to the alleviation of widespread misery and privation, and in the end to the more healthy and stable condition of industrial society as a whole.

THE FUTURE OF ARBITRATION.

SOME months have passed since Sir Edward Grey made a rather academic debate on the reduction of armaments, memorable by his forecast of a new and epoch-making departure in the development of arbitration. Public opinion, as its wont is, made haste to seize at once the whole significance, and perhaps a little more than the exact significance, of his announcement. Most of us sketched the treaty in our minds as a realisation of the orthodox pacifist ideal of obligatory arbitration. There were even conjectures, for which some incautious hints in Sir Edward Grey's speech supplied some warrant, of an alliance between Britain and America for the enforcement of arbitration as the one tolerable method of settling disputes. A later speech checked this rash line of speculation, and most of us learned with relief that nothing in the nature of an armed compact to enforce peace was contemplated. It would have been, as the world is constituted to-day, perhaps the most provocative menace which two well-meaning Powers could have hurled among the nations, and half of mankind would have interpreted it as a pact to ensure under the cover of pacifist ideals the lasting ascendancy of the English-speaking peoples. The text of the Treaty is now before us in a summarised form, and though it does not quite answer to all the expectations which were formed of it, it makes none the less a sufficiently startling and beneficent advance alike in the practice and in the theory of international relations. It is not indeed what a pedant in such matters would describe as an obligatory treaty of arbitration. The two Powers, if the published summary accurately reports its rather complicated provisions and legal phraseology, do not take a binding pledge to settle every conceivable question by arbitration. The abolition of war in the last resort depends, if the words are strictly construed, only on the expression of a firmly-held determination. They are, as the preamble states, "resolved that no future differences shall be the cause of hostilities between them." But a close scrutiny of the procedure laid down in the Treaty makes it clear that arbitration is not in every case prescribed as the necessary method of settling every dispute. There might arise, in spite of all the checks and delays which it prescribes, a final deadlock to which no means of settlement would apply, and in which war might conceivably result without it being possible for either party to accuse the other of setting aside the verdict of any Court which it had bound itself to obey. It is well to realise the limits of what has been achieved, but in

facing the facts we do not mean to pass any criticism upon the Treaty or its authors. In a world where probability is the rule of life, and public opinion counts for more than force and for much more than law, we question whether the most strictly-worded obligatory treaty would add anything to the value of such an instrument as this. An obligatory treaty would have no higher sanction than the will of two nations and the force of public opinion, unless it were to recognise some armed concert of Europe which would undertake the duty of enforcing it.

The gain of this Treaty is twofold. In the first place, it has erased once and for all in the relations of the United States with Great Britain and France the assumption which has governed every previous arbitration treaty, that certain issues of honor and vital interest ought to be settled by war, and normally are settled by war. From that reservation the more advanced thinkers and parties in every nation have dissented. But hitherto no Government has been found to accept and embody in a treaty the belief of every really civilised man that war is always a folly and a crime. The knowledge that three of the leading nations have taken this step must work as a continual stimulus to the parties of peace in the countries which remain outside the arrangement, and a continual rebuke to Governments which adopt the reactionary view. The system of treaties is indeed partial, because (to take the most glaring instance) it applies to the dealings of America with Britain and France, but not as yet to the relations of France with ourselves. The next step, and it is a step which cannot long be delayed, must be the conclusion of a similar treaty between France and Britain. This assumption indeed hardly admits of discussion. It could not be publicly urged either in London or Paris that there is any reason in sentiment or interest why war should be ruled out of the range of possibilities across the Atlantic, but not across the Channel. The triangle must be completed, and its completion will inevitably lead to a whole network of similar bonds. There is indeed a certain risk in this process. Arbitration would be a rather doubtful gain if we were to divide the world into Powers with whom we will always arbitrate, and Powers with whom, under sufficient provocation, we will certainly go to war. The nation which once embarks on this course must be prepared to say that it wishes to exclude no people from the scope of the permanent peace. It must make it very clear that if any nation does remain outside this network of agreements, its exclusion is not by the wish of the pioneer Powers.

In another way the treaty makes a great advance. It provides a mechanism for the settlement of disputes which offers many advantages over existing procedure. In minor and commonplace disputes there probably will be little innovation. They will be referred, as at present, without much delay or the intervention of other bodies to the arbitrament of The Hague Tribunal. But for all disputes, and more particularly for the graver sort of difference which is not justiciable (the old category of questions involving honor and vital interest), another way is provided. They may be referred to a High Com-

mission composed of subjects of the two Powers, which may report on facts, define the issue, recommend an equitable solution, or suggest the form and scope of a binding reference to arbitration. We gather that the members of this Commission will not act, as arbitrators too often do, as the plenipotentiaries and delegates of their Governments. They are to sit as a free jury, bound by oath to give a conscientious verdict, and the terms of the Treaty contemplate that the representatives of one party may not vote *en bloc*. Should they all, or all but one, recommend arbitration, that method (subject to the assent of the Senate), must be followed. This is, indeed, a near approach to obligatory arbitration. Unless five of these six men are prepared deliberately and in cold blood to give a decision which would be in effect a recommendation to go to war, it follows that every dispute must be settled by arbitration or some equivalent process. The creation of this Grand Jury is technically the novel element in the Treaty, and it is likely, we think, to prove a most useful innovation. It takes the dispute out of the hands of the professional diplomatists, who have *ex hypothesi* failed to find a solution. Nor does it refer it to the professional lawyers, whose methods and preconceptions are often unduly conventional and narrow. It is an appeal to the common sense and goodwill of a group of eminent citizens, whose minds have not been heated by fruitless work, and whose pride is not involved in the snatching of a professional diplomatic success.

There remains the further question whether this great advance in international ethics and in the constructive mechanism of peace will bring any immediate relief to the bloodless war of armaments. Clearly its effect will not be felt so long as we conclude unconditional treaties of arbitration only with our firmer friends. This Treaty had been preceded by an announcement that we no longer reckon the United States when we calculate our navy on the Two-Power Standard. In other words, we have arranged for a permanent peace, because war was already morally impossible. Arbitration, in short, is the ratification of an existing goodwill, and we shall conclude such treaties with our more formidable rivals only after we have already recognised them as friends. The road to disarmament is through an understanding with Germany, and with that round-about way to our goal we cannot dispense. But in the end, we question whether the simple machinery of arbitration will prove to be applicable to the more complicated disputes and rivalries among European Powers. The Monroe doctrine is the real foundation of this Treaty. Powers whose interests touch and clash at every corner of the globe are differently situated. The only way in which the competing claims of these Powers can be adjusted with each other and with the rights of lesser nations is by the recognition of some Concert of Europe, which can be called together and kept in being without a preliminary earthquake. When the reference of such a dispute as rages round Morocco to a Conference of the Powers becomes normal and customary, when it can be achieved without offence and without the threat of war, we shall have made an organisation for Europe that will begin to render armaments superfluous.

Life and Letters.

THE MYSTERY OF CRUELTY.

THE "mystery of pain" is a trite and familiar phrase, which has been on the lips of thinkers and preachers through centuries of speculation on human destiny. But among psychological puzzles, not the least obscure is the deliberate yet wanton infliction of pain, which is a not uncommon form of cruelty. The cruelty that comes of hate or fear is at least intelligible. One is at no loss to assign a reason for the angry savagery which tortures criminals, or heretics, or rebels, or for the mean anger of the underdog which riots in a jacquerie or a red terror. The cruelty of trappers or sealers or the hunters of ospreys is neither more nor less comprehensible than any other ugly manifestation of the love of gain. It is to be classed with the conduct of the employer of sweated labor, the slave-trader, and the rubber monopolist. The cruelty in these cases is incidental. The object is not to inflict pain but to make money, and the trader in skins and feathers shows the normal indifference of the commercial instinct for its victims. The allurements of blood-sports is the excitement and the physical glow which attend them. One need not suppose that the torment and death of the hunted animal consciously heightens the pleasure of the chase. The sportsman exhibits at the death of the carted stag only a rather gross illustration of the fact that it is when we are most happily aware of our own physical well-being that we are least accessible to any concern for the misery of other sentient creatures. There is in all these forms of cruelty no sort of mystery. The puzzle begins only when we read of such startling aberrations as the mutilations of those unlucky whales which were lately cast ashore on the Cornish coast. The facts were established in the police court, but it is difficult even to summarise them without nausea. A band of young men fell on the stranded whales as they lay helplessly awaiting the tide. They hacked the great prostrate carcasses, carrying away pieces of the skin to serve as mementoes of the rare occasion. One carved his initials in the living flesh, and another after gashing the creature's throat, jumped on it to make the blood spurt forth. It may have been that they thought of whales only as mountains of blubber. What did they know of the strange and sensitive organisation which causes a naturalist to rank them among the highest of animals? The thing lay inert before them, incapable, save by clumsy and impotent movements, of expressing its suffering. "Pity," says Blake, "has a human form," and the creature which has no easily recognisable gesture or facial expression is at a disadvantage in its mute appeals for mercy. It is a true instinct which causes simple folk to talk of "dumb animals," as though it were their lack of speech which in a social world is their last and worst misfortune. A cat or a dog which can tell the ear of its suffering is not so helpless as a horse which cannot by vocal complaints make cruel driving a torment to all who walk the streets. One makes the due allowance for mere ignorance and the callousness which must have its ears rent by a cry of pain before it realises suffering. But in this torture of the whales there was perhaps a more subtle and imaginative element. It was the revenge of the little man against Leviathan. He lay there with a halo of myth and wonder about him, the typical creature who rebukes the impotence of mankind. They could not "draw him out with cords," but they could gash his sides. They scored their names upon him as they would have insulted the defenceless immobility of a giant oak. They would not have tortured a little fish. No one writes on the bark of a sapling, or chooses a slender birch for an inscription. There is an instinct which hurries to deface and degrade only what is reverend and great.

One turns from such a ghastly revelation as this of the possibilities of motiveless brutality among grown and nominally civilised men, with a disturbing question whether cruelty is after all a normal expression of something fundamental in human nature. It is the common belief that children, more especially boys, display a

native cruelty, until training and public opinion and the growth of some power of imagination bring about a change of mind. That is a generalisation which we are disposed to think hasty and false. When children are coarse-grained and over-bearing by temperament, they will indeed indulge in a naive and shameless cruelty, of which the average adult is seldom capable. But in our own experience the instances of a sensitiveness which is rare in grown men and women are much more frequent. The civilised child starts with a disposition, gentle or callous, which tends as it grows older to be levelled to the common attitude of the circle in which he moves. We have known children who resolutely refused to eat meat out of pity for the beasts which they had seen driven to the slaughter-house. We once overheard a mother instructing a little boy in the legend of the Flood. She told of the drowning of the beasts without perceiving that she was shocking his sense of the goodness of God. At last, in horror and tears, he interrupted her, "Mother, I am sure that Jesus came down and carried them all into the Ark." In both these cases the children's elders broke them in to a harsher attitude than was native to them. A child will frame for himself from a hint, from a precept, from a poem or a fairy tale, a morality towards animals which is much more consistent than any rule of conduct which the wear and tear of life has left to the rest of us. Of primitive man, on the other hand, one cannot properly say that he is either cruel or humane. The beasts play a vast part in his life, but his conduct, alike in its scruples and its barbarities, is governed by imperious theories and superstitions which override any regard for the animals themselves. A thousand sanctions and mysterious penalties prescribe one's dealings with this and the other tribe of beasts, sacred or "unclean." But it is not from mercy that the Hindoo refuses to kill a cow, or the Albanian to shoot a hare. These prohibitions have their root in some half-remembered totemism. There is equally a good reason drawn from the police of a ghostly world for most of the conventional cruelties of the savage. The docking of animals' tails, which seems to-day such a purposeless and tasteless cruelty, had its origin in a sufficiently intelligible precaution. By cutting off your dog's tail and burying it, you secured a ghost of the dog which in case of need you could send to haunt any thief who might thereafter steal what was left of the dog. We suspect that most of the reputed goodness of certain Oriental races towards animals springs rather from a regard for their own souls than from any conscious kindness. A Turk is perceptibly more humane to beasts than an Eastern Christian. He will not actively ill-use them, and, above all, he will not kill them wantonly. So far a regard for the precepts of religion will carry him. But nothing will induce him to put a wounded animal out of its pain, and he will allow the pariah dogs, whom he will not slaughter, to die of starvation in captivity. This Oriental mercy is rather obedience to a command half-understood and blindly obeyed than any intimate concern for the welfare of beasts.

It is not easy to determine how far public opinion has still to cope with a wanton and active impulse of cruelty in the meaner individuals of a civilised race. But unquestionably the law has a great part in fixing the standard of average conduct. The mere dread of punishment is not the chief part in its restraining action. To the simple man, what is lawful is what is right. He does not readily conceive a standard of conduct which goes beyond the law, but he at once concedes that what the law condemns is wrong. Cruelty, to his mind, is anything which a police magistrate would punish. A lady remonstrated in our hearing with a working man who kept a linnnet in a minute cage. "It can't be cruel," he replied; "it's not against the law." The defects of our law and the gaps in its prohibitions of cruelty are doubly deplorable. They allow much conscious cruelty to go unpunished; they also reassure the average decent man who would never perpetrate an act which had once been stigmatised by law as cruel. A Bill has indeed passed through most of its stages this Session which consolidates the existing law. But it has nowhere

raised the standard, or brought the growing sensitiveness of educated opinion to bear upon the deficiencies of our statutes. Even the excesses which were perpetrated on the whales in Cornwall are not punishable by law, because the creatures were neither domesticated animals nor wild beasts in captivity. The habitual cruelties of 'rainers who torment their wild prisoners into performing ridiculous and unnatural antics go almost invariably unpunished. There is no check on the worst abuse of the bearing-rein. Above all, the cruelties of such blood-sports as the hunting of tame deer are altogether beyond the reach of the law. The time has come for a revision which ought to go far beyond the consolidation of the existing law. Public opinion in such matters moves quickly, and it has moved far in advance of our legal standards. There is a little group of men in Parliament which struggles gallantly amid so many competing interests for humaner legislation on behalf of animals. But the record of recent years has been singularly barren. Such an object-lesson as this savagery in Cornwall might be used to convince those who control the time of the House that it is imperative at last to take action to reform an obsolete and inadequate law.

"TOUCH THE BUTTON."

EVERYONE joins in welcoming Mr. Edison on his holiday visit to this country. There is no living man whom it is easier for us all to admire without dispute. An artist, a poet, or a writer is unknown beyond a ten-per-cent radius, and those who have heard of him disagree as to his value. "Some have one opinion, some another; mine would be different," is the criticism one generally accepts. A statesman is well known, but about half the population would be glad if he died. A sportsman, prize-fighter, or jockey is better known still, but thousands have dropped money over the sport. For the great inventor there are no such reservations. When a little instrument begins to talk like your friend, or sing like a prima donna, no one questions the wonder of it. There are no two opinions. Like the equator, it stands above criticism, and above the odds. It stirs no evil passions. "Die-hards" cannot shed a drop of their votes against it.

Mr. Edison is just the type of man whom the age delights to honor, for he embodies the great achievement of the age. The last hundred years have accomplished much. They have extended the conception of religion; they have revolutionised the conception of history; they have sanctioned the claims of nationality, and then betrayed them; they have taken a few short and hesitating steps towards democracy. But first and foremost they have been the age of applied mathematics. In the thousands or millions of years since Adam, no century has been so fertile in the discovery of contrivances—in the application of the laws of force and number to man's service.

Examples are too obvious and too many for mention. One has but to think of the factories turning out food, drink, and warmth—the three primal necessities of life—with unexampled rapidity; of the cycles that tire down a horse, of the trains, motors, and aeroplanes that outstrip the wind. We send the world's news by lightning through the unknown deserts of ocean. We entrust our order to the circumambient air, and it is fulfilled in the Antipodes that very hour. Beneath the roar and trappings of cities, under innumerable feet, beside sewers and waterpipes, over deep meadows and rivers and mountain chains, or below the waves of the estranging Channel itself, the secret voice of the beloved comes to the ear, tranquil or passionate, as it is that moment uttered in her chamber, and we can that moment reply. At ten miles' range, or perhaps at twenty miles, we kill a man—we kill a thousand men, whom we have never seen, and whose position we hardly know even by conjecture. We float round the world in iron heavier than St. Paul's. We despatch a deadly sword-fish whither we will, and ourselves move under the water like electric eels that slay with a single touch. We see to the back of space, and by whirling films perpetuate a moment's

history for all future time. We make the voice of a mouse to roar like a lion, and conduct the sword that pierces the cedars to illuminate the obscurity of a three-pair back.

No one makes light of such triumphs. They express the motive spirit of an astonishing age, and Mr. Edison has his place high among their originators. Only a century ago—only within the limit of one long lifetime—they would all have appeared incredible. The simplest of them would have served for a tale of scientific marvel—one of those prophetic tales of impossible inventions that do not seem impossible. The poet thought he was dipping into the future, far as human eye could see, when he beheld the vision of airy navies grappling in the central blue; yet he lived within a mere twenty years or so of seeing it in reality. Many years after "Locksley Hall," an American imagined himself looking backward upon that present time from a Utopian age when it would be possible to lie in one's own bed and, by pulling out various stops, to listen to an opera or a sermon at discretion. We are not sure whether he has lived to enjoy his Utopian bed, but in the course of nature he might very easily have done so. More recent writers still have prophesied marvels that already are commonplace, and the most beneficent or horrific of Mr. Wells's imaginings will be taken in the day's work by the ten-year child when he comes to age. It is the era of applied mathematics, and progress is measured by mechanical contrivances, revealing the latent powers of mankind.

"Many things are fearfully astonishing," said the old Greek chorus, "but there is nothing so astonishing as man." In proof, they instanced man's way of crossing the sea even when it was rough, of scratching the immortal earth with ploughs, of catching birds and beasts and fishes, of taming the horse and ox, of avoiding the arrows of the weather, of curing diseases, and discovering speech and thought and social decency. Why, man can escape everything but death, such a terribly clever little fellow is he! It is a very long time since that was written, and the last short century has added an extraordinary number of instances to the list of man's accomplishments. But, after all, what has the progress of mechanism given us to compare with those ancient marvels? A boat, a plough, a fishing net—a cart, a sheepskin, a drug—words, thoughts, and behavior—it was a long time ago that man discovered them all, and phonographs, telephones, incandescent lights, and aeroplanes are not a patch upon their wonder. Nearly all recent inventions have aimed chiefly at reducing space. They have "saved time" by making the world smaller; that is all. We can run or fly to the Highlands in a few hours, but even Dr. Johnson managed to get there in a few days. We can converse across the Atlantic, but Franklin could send a letter. We can kill at ten miles, but Wellington could kill equally well at four-hundred yards. We have shrivelled a star which was never very large, as stars and planets go. No doubt it is very absurd that, owing to our short life and the labor that ties most people to one place, we should be unable to visit more than a tiny fraction of this dust-speck in the universe, and we are all grateful to inventions that extend our little tether. But by the convenient annihilation of space something that was not convenient but spiritual may be lost. There was once a wilder romance in walking to the Solway than there is now in motoring to Cadiz, and if Timbuctoo can be reached in a fortnight, why should we trouble to pack?

It is fine to commune with a moving ship, and to be answered through a thousand miles of sightless air; but if the message only betrays a murderer's hiding-place, the ingenuity brings no great gain. "Does that man think baldness a cure for grief?" asked the philosopher on seeing a bereaved relation tear his hair. Neither is rapidity a cure for folly. Wisdom does not increase by speed, and a fool is as foolish by telephone as at tea. Let us hear once more the sweet-voiced prophet:—

"There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time, divine as the Vale of Tempe. You might have seen the gods there morning and evening—Apollo and all the sweet Muses of the light—walking in fair procession on the

lawns of it, and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags. . . . You enterprised a Railroad through the valley—you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the gods with it; and now, every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half-an-hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton; which you think a lucrative process of exchange."

More hideous even than the lucrative exchange of fools is the doom involved in mechanical progress, as it has been foreseen by the prophet of "Penguin Island." Peering into the future, he perceived a giant town where fifteen millions of men labored by the light of beacons which shed forth their glare both day and night. No light of heaven pierced through the smoke, but sometimes the red disc of a rayless sun might be seen riding in the black firmament through which iron bridges ploughed their way. The city was dominated by multi-millionaires:—

"By doing nothing except pressing nickel buttons with their fingers, these mystics heaped up riches of which they never even saw the signs, and acquired the vain possibility of gratifying desires that they never experienced."

Of the appalling details in that city's life, of the artificial air manufactured for men to breathe, of the daring chemical syntheses that produced artificial wines, meat, milk, fruit, and vegetables, of the terrible accidents, periodical and regular, and of the vast series of revolutionary explosions by which the working classes exterminated city, millionaires, and themselves in overwhelming destruction, it would be gloomy now to tell. Let us rather consider the lilies how they grow, and reflect that there is no great advantage in hearing a sermon in bed, if it is a bad sermon. One can sleep or switch off one's mind as easily in church; or, at the worst, can maintain a certain human dignity and sense of social communion, further removed from the level of a wallowing pig that is having his back scratched. Mechanism triumphs gloriously; it gives us a remarkable number of shirts and socks a day; but, after all, most people wore something of the kind before. It gives us the "Color-cinema," but, after all, we had eyes already. It is everywhere identified with progress, but is little concerned with any such thing. For upon the inward spirit of man its effect is very small, and no one who has been confronted with love or rage or shame would turn the corner to perform a miracle with a button.

IN PRAISE OF PRAISE.

WITHOUT contradiction, great is the praise of praise. It, like Mercy, is a quality quick and keen to bless both giver and receiver. More than that, it is a proof in both giver and receiver of royalty in the blood. For it is not possible that a criminal should praise: he may applaud, but he cannot praise, seeing that the function of praise is something that the whole heart is participant in, whereas the criminal is a house divided against itself, his conscience against his purpose, and his purpose against his conscience. Yet perhaps even a criminal may praise. But he cannot praise crime. To praise, he must praise with his whole being; he must take rank with his conscience; and thereby he becomes no more a criminal, but a man of splendor. The deed is his accolade of royalty.

You may tell the man of splendor by his capacity for praise, even as you may tell the age of splendor by its capacity for praise. It is a kind of touchstone. There are, for instance, certain men at whom History stands in perplexity; and at whom History must continue to stand perplexed until this touchstone has been brought forward to resolve the perplexity. You may admire Robespierre; you may stand in wonder of his genius; you may see him thrust his way from obscurity to an unrivalled dictatorship, and hold, frail and unlovely though he be, a whole fair France in fear of his slightest nod; and it may stir your blood. Similarly, you may question the real greatness of Mirabeau; you may think him after all but a charlatan, a mimicker of greatness, a mock prophet tricked out in robes the like of which he had seen elsewhere, and had had carefully copied. You may think all this, and yet you will have

a sneaking regard for Mirabeau, even as you turn from Robespierre as you would from a very beautifully colored toad. Then you will have it brought to your mind that Mirabeau must have been able to praise, a big, open, whole-hearted, generous praise, if occasion demanded it, even though no single instance arose to your mind of his having done so; and you would dare wager with any that Robespierre could not so have praised, that his approval must needs have been a poor, watery, grudging kind of plaudit, while he pulled his spectacles down from his forehead to scan your intentions carefully: when the whole perplexity will at once stand resolved to you, and you will take your rank with the charlatan, were he charlatan never so much, and against the man of the Mountain.

And tell us, will you, when was Rare Ben Jonson the better man: when he wrote "Sejanus," or when he wrote of the man who had been his great rival in drama, who had defied all rules and principles of Art, such rules and principles as he had laid down magisterially at the Mermaid, and who probably had compelled him to leave writing for the "Globe" or cease his dramatic brawling, that "he loved the man, and did honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any"?—that "he was not for an age, but for all time"?—that he was the "Soul of the Age! The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!"? Nay, how did Ben earn the epithet of "rare"? Was it because of his Book? Was it because he laid down the law heavily of a night, and through to many a morn, at the Mermaid? Tyrants are not wont to be dubbed rare. Or was it because he had a soul large enough to praise?

You will say, perhaps, that Ben could blame, and blame mightily. True; but then it takes a man who can praise to blame. Nay, a man who cannot praise should never on any account be entrusted with the instrument of blame, for he will not use it properly; he will not blame; he will be merely and weakly censorious, irritably censorious; and a censor is not a blamer. A blamer is to a censor as a sycophant is to a praiser. You must have standards of differentiation for the one; you need have none for the other. To blame is to detect blemishes. Ben once detected a blemish to such good effect that Shakespeare was constrained to alter the line accordingly. And therefore blame, like praise, which is its obverse, is a critical function. There was probably never blame that did not imply praise. Once there was a young man who wrote a long poem—which was no ill thing to do—but he wrote it in an age of censors, and in that he was unfortunate. He called his poem "Endymion," and he was told to "go back to the shop, Mr. John. Stick to plasters, pills, and ointment boxes." There has been much good ink used in discussing whether or not a certain fretfulness was induced in Keats as a result of this, weakening him for the scourges of phthisis, and leaving us a decapitated poetry. But it must ever remain a matter of speculation as to what would have happened to him had he fallen into an age of good praisers, who would have hailed him royally, without omitting to point out those blemishes, those vulgarities and unmitigable crudities, that he himself declared he was not unaware of.

For there is a deep principle in this: a principle of life. It is possible to save a soul by praise when no other method could avail. You could raise an age of giants by praise. There is an ancient superstition—that is yet not so ancient—that we grow round our names like peas round a stick: that to call a boy "Bob" from his youth up would make him quite a different man from the probable product had you ever hailed him as "Robert." There is another superstition, which is no superstition, that if you see a friend pale and ill, you may send him to the grave by advising him of the fact, whereas you may save him by proclaiming his robust appearance. So it is with praise. Praise, as has been said, is a critical function; you cannot praise something that is not there; you could not have praised Keats because his poetry was robust and manly. The good praiser would have seen with native perception just what his poetry held worthy of praise, knowing that no man would have published an ambitious book without something worthy of praise in it; and he would have praised that royally. He would have

known that no ill could have come of this; that, indeed, no ill can ever come of praise; but that the receiver would have burgeoned to the quality praised in him, filling out its proportions, and coming indeed actually to be the thing he was acclaimed for being, like a boy to the sound of his name. Yes, you could raise an age of giants by praise.

Instead of which, you will hear it said that praise is forbidden, inasmuch as its avowal would make its receiver egoistic. Just as though it were not good to be egoistic! Just as though the salt of the earth were not a healthy egoism! Where, in the name of conscience, will you find a virtue that is not egoistic, that is not the assertion of an abundant personality. Men were automata else: frigid things, mechanical things, not splendid and urgent things. Praise itself is egoistic. Look you, the man who will not praise is the man who is not sure of himself, who is so little convinced of his own greatness that he will withhold the thought of that attribute from others for fear lest they outshine and out-distance him. The man who will not praise has never possessed his own soul. He has never risen to the splendor of confidence in himself, and so, instead of royally acclaiming others in a spirit of frank equality, he will be found for ever fortifying himself and his little prowess by the twin agencies of censure and sycophancy. And therefore praise is not only the acclamer of greatness; it is not only the creator of greatness; it is the proof of greatness in a man. You may know the little man by a sign; it is stamped on his speech. He will be for ever saying that praise is a good thing, and a necessary thing, but that he has not yet found anything in his age and generation worthy of his praise. That is to say that though you could raise an age of giants by praise, it would take an age of giants to do it.

Short Studies.

THE TIME DEPOSIT.

I DREAMED that I walked far along a solitary and unknown road. Nobody met or passed me, and though I looked through many gateways on either hand, I saw nobody at work in the vast plains. Nor had I passed or seen anywhere in the land one house, one coil of hearth smoke, or even one ruin, when suddenly at the roadside, between two trunks of oak and under their foliage, two small windows gleamed faintly in the shadow. The glass was dark with cobwebs, dead spiders, and dead flies caught in the webs of the dead spiders: nothing could be seen through it but vague forms, yet darker than the darkness within, such as are to be seen under water in a momentary half-calm. But there was a door between the two windows, and I entered as if I had been expected, though never had I seen or heard before of a house in the heart of an empty and boundless wilderness, but resembling a low second-hand furniture or marine store in a decayed part of London.

The door would not open wider than just to admit me sideways, so full was the room of its shadowy wares. These were all objects for holding things—cupboards; heavy oak chests; boxes, massive or flimsy, and of every material and workmanship, some no bigger than children's money-boxes; iron safes; small decorated caskets of ivory, metals, and precious woods; bags and baskets; and, resting, in numbers or solitary, on the larger articles, mere trinkets with lids, snuff-boxes and the like. They were clear and dark in a light of underground, the rows and piles that I could see mysteriously suggesting an invisible infinity of others. As I trod, a haze of dust rained and whispered unceasingly down upon them and from off them. Through this haze, or out of it in some way, like an animal out of its lair, appeared a small old grey man, with cobweb hair, whiskers, and eyebrows, and blue eyes that flashed out of the cobwebs and dust whenever they moved. His large, long, grey hands wriggled and twitched like two rats cleaning themselves. He was all head and hands,

and shadowy grey clothing connected him with the carpetless floor of rotten planks on which he made no sound. The dust fell upon him unnoticed, and from time to time dribbled from his hair and beard to the ground.

"This," said I, suddenly, "is a useful kind of box. I should like to open it, if I may, to see whether it would suit me. It is for papers that I shall never look at again, but may serve to light a fire or make a footnote for an historian in my grandchildren's time. If you would brush the dust off—"

"Have you the key?" he asked in a voice that made my throat itch into a cough. Did he think me a locksmith, or what? I was annoyed, but said, questioningly: "No!"

"Then I am afraid it cannot be yours."

"But, of course, not. I wish to buy it."

"It is not for sale."

"It is reserved, then, for one of the multitude upon this highway?"

"Well, yes. But I hardly expect the owner to come for it now. It has been here some fifty years."

"You can't sell it?"

"Oh, no! I assure you it would be of no use except to its owner. It is full!"

I rapped it, thickening the haze of dust, and glancing at him to see the effect of the hollow sound on his expression. It had not the effect I expected, but he raised his eyes for a moment and said:

"You hear? It is quite full."

I smiled with a feeling in which amused expectation swamped my contempt for his deceit.

"You have made a mistake. Try one of the others," he said, patiently.

I cast about for something as sensible, and having found an old oak tool-box of not too heavy make, I pointed to it, and asked if he would open it. Again he replied simply:

"Have you the key?"

"Naturally not."

"Most unnaturally not. But if you have not, then the box cannot be opened. I am afraid, sir, you have come under a pretence or a mistake. This box, like all the other receptacles here, is owned by someone who alone has the power to open it, if he wishes. They are stored here because it is found that they are seldom wanted. All are full. They contain nothing but time."

"Time?"

"Yes, time. It is abundant, you perceive. All those boxes, bags, etc., contain time. Down below"—here he pointed to the decayed floor—"we have more, some of them as much as fifty thousand years old."

"Then probably you have time to explain," I said, hardly covering my amazement, and awed in a moment by the reverberation of my words about a cavern which the echoes proclaimed as without end. The planks rippled under me. My eyes wandered over the shop until they stopped at a very small copper box enamelled on the sides with a green pattern as delicate as the grass-blade armor of a grasshopper; the top had the usual grey fur of dust.

"What is here?" I asked.

"That is the time saved by Lucy Goldfinch and Robert Ploughman twenty years ago. They were lovers, and used to walk every Saturday afternoon along the main road for a mile, and then three miles more by green lanes, until they came to a farm where her uncle kept twenty-five cows; and there the old man and his wife gave them tea. After they had been doing this for two years, Robert learnt a path going straight from the main road to the farm, thus saving a mile, or nearly an hour, for they kissed at the gates. By-and-by they gave up kissing at the stiles, and found that they could walk the whole way in three-quarters of an hour. Soon afterwards they were married. She died long ago, but he probably has her key. Neither of them has ever called here. This," he continued, touching a plain deal box with iron edges, "this is another box of his. After they had been married a little while, he thought there was no good reason for walking three miles into the town to his work; so they moved into the town. The

time thus saved was deposited in this box, and it also has not been called for."

Against Robert Ploughman's box was a solemn chest of oak with panelled sides, and I asked what it was.

"This may have to go back at any time," said the manager. "Many times Mr. Beam has been expected to send for it, though it is only three or four years old. He was a squire whose day was full from morning till night with country works and pleasures, mostly the same thing. There was no doubt that he did very much, what with planting, building, and so on, and that he liked doing it. Sometimes he used to turn his horse, Teucer, up an old road and let him do as he liked, while he himself sat on a gate and read Virgil—at least such parts as he had succeeded in thoroughly understanding at school. But at last the horse died, and before he had begun to remember, at the thought of the old road, that Teucer really was dead, a kind friend gave him a motor car. He could not read Virgil in a motor car, nor could he go up the old road, so that it was clear that he saved many hours a week. Those saved in this way are sent down here; but as he has not yet learned what to do with them or had any need of them, here they remain."

He spoke with the same grey voice, scattering dust from his beard as his lips moved. I glanced here and there. The boxes were without end, and I could no longer see the windows and door. The room was vast, and neither walls nor ceiling could be seen through the rows and piles. Most were of similar pattern. They were square, made of yellowish-brown tin, or deal, or wicker, of about the size which holds the property of a young general servant. In the midst of some of these monotonous groups were chests or cabinets of more massive or more delicate make. I pointed to one of the groups, and asked what they contained. He thrust his finger through the dust on top of the master box, which was an iron safe.

"This," he said, "holds the savings of a man who invented machines for saving time. In a few years he grew rich, and bought the chief house in his native parish. He employed four gardeners. He did not live there, but occasionally paid visits with business friends. The boxes you see round about belong to his less fortunate neighbors in the parish. They also have saved time. For when he went out into the world the women used to bake their own bread, make most of the family clothes, and work at the fields half the year. Now they do none of these things; but they have saved time."

No ordinary shopman could have refrained from pride in the neat regiment of boxes over which he waved his hand at these words. But he turned with me to a solitary cabinet at the side of another group. It might have been supposed to hold letters or a few hundred cigars, and was scarcely large enough for my purpose.

"It contains," he said, "the savings of a young journalist. He was an industrious youth, earning a living without quite knowing why or how. He bit off the ends of many penholders, and often blackened his mouth with ink. He had an old pewter inkstand, once the property of a great-great-grandfather who was a pirate. He used to say that out of this inkstand he got more than ink; but his friends proved that this was not so by emptying it and showing that it was free from sediment. They advised him to buy a fountain pen which wasted no time, because it was impossible to bite the end of it. This he did. He no longer bit his pen or paused with the nib in his inkstand, which was now in fact on his mantelpiece and polished faithfully once a week. He saved a quantity of time, as his friends told him; but he did not notice it, for he continued to be industrious and to earn a living, just as before. His friends, however, were right, and that box is full of the hours saved by him in ten years. It is not likely that he will come in search of them. He is busy saving more time. There are thousands of similar cabinets, saved by fountain pens, typewriters, cash registers, and the like. We have also some millions ready for holding the hours to be saved by the navigation of the air."

He became verbose, enumerating tools, processes, and machines for time-saving. In one parish alone enough time was saved to extend back to William the

Conqueror, in some cities it went beyond the landing of Caesar, to the Stone Age, and even—according to some calculators—to the Palæolithic Age, if there ever was such an age. But most of that time was now in the underground chambers that gave so solemn a resonance to my footsteps. To this too mathematical monologue I was indifferent, and I strayed here and there until I seemed to recognise a home-made chest of deal. I had made several myself of the same pattern in former years. The proportions and peculiar workmanship marked this one surely as mine. I felt in my pocket for my keys, and, with some agitation, chose one from the bunch. Yes! . . . No, not quite. Or . . . I could not open it. Yet I could have sworn. . . . Meantime the manager had come up.

"This is my chest," said I, excitedly.

"Have you the key?" he asked.

"This almost fits."

"Then you must wait until you have found the right one. People sometimes lose their keys. This chest contains—"

But what he said was so absurdly true that I raised my hand to strike him. He fled. I followed, thundering after him through the haze of dust and the myriad chests and caskets. I slid, I waded, I leapt, with incredible feats of speed and agility, after the silent grey man until he went perpendicularly down. I plunged after him into space, to end, I suppose, among the boxes containing hours saved in the time of Lear; but I awoke before I had touched ground in that tremendous apartment. Forcing myself asleep again I recovered the dream, and heard much more from the shopman, which it would be tedious or ridiculous to mention.

EDWARD THOMAS.

Present-Day Problems.

THE COUNTY COURTS BILL.

ONE of the serious disadvantages entailed by the prolongation of the Parliament Bill controversy between the two Houses has been that other public business of urgent importance is apt to get overlooked or be disregarded. For instance, the commercial community for years have been asking for a re-organisation of the courts in which their suits are tried. It is of the essence of business, in its legal aspect, that access to the courts should be easy and economical, with a speedy decision. As Lord St. Aldwyn said in the House of Lords recently, there is unquestionably a very strong feeling in the country in commercial circles in favour of greater and cheaper facilities for dealing with litigation locally. The delay involved by waiting in the High Court lists for the settlement of commercial disputes is often ruinous, and it is strange that business men should have permitted the long continuance of the present system. Another aspect of the matter which must appeal to the general public is that the present expensive system of High Court procedure practically denies redress to the poor man. Costs in the High Court are framed upon a scale which the poor man cannot meet. Hence the necessity of re-adjusting our judicial machinery so as to secure that poor litigants can resort to a cheap tribunal.

The Lord Chancellor, whose activities as a legal reformer have never been adequately recognised, has carried a Bill through the House of Lords to deal with these long-standing grievances of the trading and poorer classes. The jurisdiction of the County Courts is limited at present to cases involving claims under £100, or, by consent of the parties, to cases above that amount. Lord Loreburn's County Courts Bill enables the plaintiff to set down any case (except certain important matters, such as libel) for trial at County Court, subject to the absolute unqualified right of the defendant, if he dissents, to remove the case to the High Court. Thus, speedier and cheaper access to the courts is provided for the commercial community, while the poor man gains the advantage of a local and less expensive court.

Those unfamiliar with the methods and machinery

of the vested legal interests would expect nothing but cordial welcome for these long over-due reforms. It is true, as Lord Gorell said in the Lords' debate, that every Chamber of Commerce supports the Bill, and that the Law Society, representing the great body of solicitors, has acclaimed it as a useful measure. But it is astonishing how men of affairs, not to speak of politicians, underrate the influence of the Bar, or rather, of that closest corporation of privileged persons, the Bar Council. We are disposed to forget that behind a statute lies its administration, and how many Acts of Parliament have been thwarted, and even defeated, by the devices of the vested legal interests, no man can tell. The Poor Prisoners' Defence Act, for instance, providing for the free defence at the public charge of poor persons, has been rendered a dead letter, apparently in the interests of small groups of barristers who thrive upon private defences. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Lord Chancellor's Bill has excited the keenest opposition in select legal circles; but it is necessary to discriminate between the ostensible grounds of objection and those which really determine the action of the legal interests concerned.

Lord Halsbury, whose opposition to the beneficent Criminal Appeal Act has taught him nothing, boldly came forward in the House of Lords in his ancient rôle of defender of the *status quo*. He said that the case as originally made out for some alteration was that the superior courts had not time to try the cases. That is, of course, a belated exercise in special pleading. The two additional judges placed in the King's Bench Division have sensibly accelerated the pace of judicial work, and when their colleagues are compelled to sit on Saturdays, for which they are handsomely paid, and certain others apply for those comfortable pensions which have long awaited them, no complaint will be heard about the want of expedition in the High Court.

The real intention of the Lord Chancellor, as Lord Halsbury very well knows, is (to adopt the simple description of Lord Loreburn) "to give poor people the chance of cheap litigation," and therein is the rub. In practice, this Bill means that the poor man will no longer be compelled to pay the ruinous fees of the High Court Bar, but will be able to have resort to the comparative cheapness of the local County Court. At this point, the Lord Chief Justice comes to the rescue, *suo more*, of the vested interests. Lord Alverstone is careful to seek to put himself right at once with those whom he calls "the poor." "It was very easy" (he told the House of Lords) "for the Lord Chancellor to talk about being there on behalf of the poor, and to say they were opposing him, but he (the Lord Chancellor) had done nothing to show that the effect of the alteration would be to cheapen litigation or to lead to more satisfactory administration of justice." Fortunately, Lord Gorell was present to answer these plausibilities urged on behalf of the vested interests. It so happens that Lord Gorell presided over the Special Committee whose report formed the basis of the Lord Chancellor's Bill. First, on the question of costs, Lord Gorell said that he had had placed before him a vast amount of evidence upon the respective costs of the County Courts and the High Court, and "both in matter of convenience and costs there was sufficient to explain why they found people consenting to go into the County Court," an explanation which closes discussion upon the point. Then, again, Lord Gorell called attention to the fact that England is far behind other countries in facilities for trying cases rapidly, economically, and locally. In France there are 375 tribunals of the High Court, covering the whole country. Germany possesses a local High Court for every 250,000 of the population, while Holland has twenty-three local courts. What is even more surprising than these figures is the inattention which this condition of affairs has received at the hands of the responsible authorities. The work of the legal reformer is particularly hard, and, with the exception of the Lord Chancellor, men of sterner stuff than the present legal advisers of the Government may be necessary for the task.

Again, the defenders of the *status quo* in the House of Lords, with the surprising assistance of Lord Robson, urged that these additional duties cast upon the County Courts by the Bill would "interfere with the poor man's court." Lord Loreburn promptly answered this by producing a return, from which it appeared that the average number of working days in the year of the County Court judges is only 153. It is obvious that the County Courts have ample time to discharge the new duties, but it is not so obvious that these arrangements will avoid the creation of yet additional judgeships in the High Court.

In fact, no public object is served by these polite fictions, which are seriously offered to the nation through Parliament. The Lord Chancellor, in a stinging rebuke, asked the plain question: "Who objects to these proposals? I am told the Bar object. It is very wrong to allow private interests to interfere with public necessities." This is a concise statement of the essential fact of the situation. Since 1870, the Bar have successfully defeated all endeavors to reform the administration of justice, and it is clear that, unless public opinion is informed on the matter, the laudable efforts of the present Lord Chancellor will be utterly defeated by the spokesmen of the Bar Council in the House of Commons. It is right that a great profession should not be wrongly visited with the sins of others. The Junior Bar is in no way taking part in this opposition to the Lord Chancellor's Bill. By another of those legal fictions which deceive laymen, the Bar Council is supposed to represent the Bar of England. As a matter of fact, it does nothing of the kind. Elected by a few hundreds of the thousands of English barristers, under an antiquated system of cumulative voting, the Bar Council in the main consists of, and represents, a small wealthy clique of the K.C.'s who desire, at all costs, to maintain the rigid expensive ring of the High Court. The Lord Chancellor's Bill cuts athwart their interests in two particular respects, which have aroused their implacable opposition. By enabling the commercial and poorer classes to litigate in the cheap County Courts, the High Court monopoly will be smashed, worried business men will no longer be compelled to pay heavy fees to men who not infrequently get juniors to do the work, the detestable system of "devilling" will be broken down, and the poor barrister of capacity will get his chance.

Again, as was said before, the Lord Chancellor's Bill renders unnecessary the further creation of High Court judgeships, and the attitude of a body of men on the anxious look-out for these appointments of £5,000 a year can be well understood. In these circumstances the utmost assistance should be given to reformers like Lord Loreburn and Lord Gorell. Where great predecessors have failed in the task of legal reform, they, with adequate help, can succeed. It is very wrong, as the Lord Chancellor observed, to allow private interests to interfere with public necessities, and the duty is plainly laid upon the Government to secure that this attempt shall not miscarry. Burke said that the practice of the law was not calculated to liberalise the understanding, and it is a strong test of character to be able to subordinate the benefit of one's order to the general interest. The present House of Commons, on the Liberal side, is rich with men of fine legal acumen, and it is to be hoped that when the Lord Chancellor's Bill encounters, as it will, the opposition of the Bar Council's representatives in the Commons, Liberal lawyers, under the lead of Sir Rufus Isaacs and Sir John Simon, will rally to the defence of a great measure of legal reform.

Communications.

MIDNAPORE: A TRAGIC FARCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Most of your readers, I think, will have heard the name Midnapore. Not a few of them will have read, during the last two or three days, telegrams or brief articles in which the name occurred and recurred; but it would be safe to assume that to all save an inconsiderable remnant, Midna-

pore is a trisyllable of meaningless sound. With your permission, I will try to set down the chief points of a long and tangled story, of which those who are concerned with the conduct of affairs in India are not likely to hear the last for many years to come. I have called it a tragic farce, and perhaps the simplest plan would be to begin "in a concatenation according."

Scene: Midnapore, a town of Western Bengal.

Time: June, 1908, to August, 1911.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Donald Weston, Indian Civil Service, District Magistrate.

Maulvi Mazr-ul Huq, Deputy Superintendent of Police (Mahomedan).

Lalmohan Guha, Sub-Inspector of Police (Hindu).

Peary Mohun Das, Government pensioner, aged about 65.

Santosh (his son), Police-probationer.

Abdur Rahman, Police-spy (Mahomedan).

Rakhal Chunder Laha, Police-spy (Hindu).

Citizens of Midnapore, to the number of 154—landowners, lawyers, shopkeepers, one Raja, and at least one beggar.

Picture the broad region of Bengal, in the year 1908. It is the beginning of June, when the heat of the Indian plains is approaching the terrific fervor that preludes the monsoon. Lord Minto is Viceroy, Sir Andrew Fraser Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Signs of the Nationalist agitation, stimulated in an immense degree by the partition of the province effected by Lord Curzon in the last days of his authority, three years before, are everywhere visible. Hardly a month has gone by since the first bomb had been thrown, with horrible results, at Mozzuffapore. The files of the criminal courts are crowded with sedition cases. The Anglo-Indian Press is clamoring for the iron hand. The police are eager to cover themselves with glory. There never was a time when the civil officers of the Government needed more wisdom and clear-sightedness, or a sterner resolution to play the great game of the Sirkar as straight as it can be played.

At Midnapore, a Bengal town some 70 miles west of Calcutta, things went extraordinarily wrong. Mr. Donald Weston, the magistrate, appears to have been persuaded that the district of which he was the executive head was preparing for revolution, and that scores of the prominent residents in the town were plotting his own destruction. Tangible evidence was produced, in the shape of a bomb, found by the police in the house of an elderly Hindu citizen, Peary Mohun Das, a former Government servant. This was on June 8th, 1908, precisely the day, as the curious afterwards noted, when a new Explosive Substances Act came into force for the proper chastisement of the makers and planters of bombs. The hunt was up; the Calcutta papers rang with the affair. Peary's two sons were arrested, and, as it was afterwards proved, one of them (Santosh) was systematically worked upon to "tell all he knew." He was kept in solitary confinement, and the subtlest forms of pressure were used by the two police officers entrusted with the case. The boy held out for over a month. On July 23rd, his father (against whom no charge was brought) was arrested, and a few days afterwards Santosh made a "confession." It implicated 154 men and youths of Midnapore in what was alleged to be a conspiracy to murder the magistrate and the other British officials. The town was given over to the police. Houses were surrounded, raided, and searched; papers were seized, arrests made by wholesale, every person of consequence in the place, apparently, put under observation—Mr. Weston, of course, sanctioning and directing.

So much for the plot; now for its unravelling. In September, 1908, twenty-seven persons were put on trial before a special magistrate. At the head was the Raja of Narajole; the others were lawyers, landholders, and what not; there was one local editor, who was taken into court handcuffed and fastened to a constable's rifle. Bail was not allowed; the accused were many times remanded, and kept in the lock-up against the rules. When the hearing began, Santosh repudiated his confession, and the police spy, Rakhal, collapsed. When Mr. Sinha, the Advocate-General, arrived to take up the case for the Crown, he found it necessary to withdraw the charges against the Raja and twenty-three others. Thus three only remained for trial at the Sessions: Santosh, condemned to ten years' transportation, and two others, each of whom was sentenced to seven years.

They appealed to the Calcutta High Court, and with the judgment pronounced on appeal (June 1st, 1909) by the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Mookerjee, the case reached

a point of extraordinary interest. The accused were acquitted, and in laying down the facts which, in their view, had been clearly established, Sir Lawrence Jenkins and his colleague, representing the highest Court in India, pronounced a condemnation of the gravest kind upon the magistrate and police. The procedure, they declared, was most irregular; rules had been broken, the law had been disregarded. Santosh had been forced to confession by pressure, and so impressed were their lordships with the worthlessness of the evidence and the nature of the methods exposed in the case, that they even declined to waive aside the plea of the defence that the bomb had been put in Peary's house at the instigation of the police themselves.

This ended the criminal trials; two more years were to elapse before a judgment in the ensuing civil actions was reached. Peary and four of his fellow sufferers brought an action for malicious prosecution against the magistrate and the two policemen. The case began in August, 1910; it ended on Monday last, having occupied some 200 sittings in the Calcutta High Court. Mr. Justice Fletcher found for the plaintiffs, with damages against Mr. Weston of Rs. 1,000 and costs.

Here, then, for the present, is the upshot of an affair which, in the opinion of many who have followed its astounding course, has struck a most evil blow at the fair name of Britain in India. But let us, at all events, give thanks for the Calcutta High Court.—Yours, &c.,

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

National Liberal Club.
August 9th, 1911.

Letters to the Editor.

THE UNIVERSITIES, THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, AND THE WORKING CLASS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The real difficulty of the problem raised by Canon Barnett in THE NATION lies in the fact that Oxford and Cambridge and the Public Schools are completely permeated by middle-class and upper-class ideals, which are regarded by a large part of the working class with suspicion and a certain amount of contempt. The better sort of workmen revere knowledge and desire access to its sources; but they are conscious of the fact that reverence for knowledge and a passionate pursuit of it are not the dominant characteristics of our older universities, taken as a whole. These institutions appear to them rather as factories very perfectly adapted to turn out a type of man who is not remarkable either for depth of knowledge or breadth of outlook, and whose mind has been hardened by conscious and unconscious influences, until it has become incapable of understanding the meaning of Democracy. The consequence is that when the workman looks round for the means of higher education, he is not satisfied by the "ladders" let down from those citadels of middle-class prejudice. He does not desire to breathe the atmosphere inside them, nor to see the ablest sons of his own class disappear for good over their battlements.

The fact that we have to face is this gulf which separates the ideals and standards of the working class from the ideals and standards of the comfortable classes; and, if we are to deal with it, we must understand its causes. Not the least important cause is our system of educating the two classes along different lines, which have no point of contact.

It is impossible that a nation should be held together by mutual understanding and sympathy if its children and young men and women are segregated into dissimilar groups which never meet on equal ground. In a country which brings up its youth in this way, the social sense is inevitably perverted. Our noisiest patriots are precisely those who hate, despise, and fear the majority of their countrymen even more cordially than they hate, despise, and fear the foreigner. The corporate feeling of the upper class Englishman extends to his public school, his college, his class—the governing class which has made wars, founded colonies, and ruled India. He does not feel brotherhood with his grocer, his domestic servants, or the tramp who stops him to ask for the price of a meal. So long as this is so, democracy can-

not come into existence. The many may outvote the few; but that is not democracy.

There is no equal intercourse, untainted by dependence, philanthropy, and patronage, between the villa and the cottage. The children are sent to separate primary schools; the children of the cottage pass from the school to the workshop, and associate with their kind, while the children of the villa go on to the middle-class public schools and the middle-class universities. In these monastic and conventual institutions, the young are removed as far as possible from every humanising influence. Not only are they cut off from contact with the national life; they are withdrawn from the companionship of their elders, and even the sexes are segregated. In this way a number of small compact herds are formed, in which the force of herd suggestion is naturally proportionate to their isolation and internal homogeneity. The public schools are pre-eminently forcing-houses of conservatism, hard, narrow, unimaginative. Of all western institutions they most closely resemble the organisation of a savage tribe. Parents wonder why their children emerge illiterate and speechless, interested in nothing but childish games, with little to show except animal strength and a boyish code of honor. It does not seem to occur to them that if you allow children throughout their most impressionable years to herd only with children, the morality and the ideals imposed by the mass upon the individual will be childish, irresponsible, and uncivilised.

The soulless tyranny of the average, with its jealous persecution of whatever is abnormal, whether it be above or below its fifth-form standards, is a little relaxed at the university. But here again the monastic system prevails, and the influence of the students upon one another is much more powerful than any other to which they are subjected. And still there is no contact with other levels of national life.

The graduate of 22 or 23 leaves his university almost irretrievably cut off from fellowship with the shopman or the artisan, who for ten years already has been earning his own living and assimilating the thoughts of his class. They pass one another in the street—they may be next door neighbors; but neither can speak to the other except to give or take an order. Knowing little, save by untrustworthy report, of the life that has flowed outside the monastic walls, and disliking the little he knows, the graduate's dearest aim is to escape into another sanctuary, as like a college as possible, and as far removed from the rougher contacts. The nation has provided suitable retreats in the purlieus of Whitehall. If Social Service is the highest working-class ideal, the ideal of our own class is the Civil Service—a curiously different thing.

Dipping the other day into a book on landscape-gardening, I found two pictures, side by side. The one showed the view from a building site in its natural state. You saw the high road in the foreground, and beyond it a factory, with mountains behind. The other picture showed the same view transformed by the landscape-gardener. Judicious clumps of shrubs had effaced the factory from the high road, and all traces of human life were (in the technical phrase) "planted out." It came to me as a symbol of middle-class ideals.

This isolation and impotence of English intellectuals is one of the worst results of our public school and university system. The more original and clever minds in these institutions form small cliques of sterile eccentrics, who write exquisitely in long chairs, moaning in epigrams over the intolerable greenness of grass and the banality of a healthy digestion. They corrupt others of a more sensible cast, chilling the youthful virtue of admiration with ascetic disdain. Their vigilant criticism is prompt to damn noble and sincere work on the slightest charge of technical imperfection. From this training they drift away into the higher walks of journalism, to compose fine-drawn appreciations of authors whom everyone has heard of, and nobody has read.

What, then, is to be done?

The problem is to discover a point of confluence, at which the two streams of upper-class and working-class education may join and flow together for however short a space. The question is, where is it to be?

Not, as things now are, at the primary or the secondary school. Middle-class parents will not allow their children to associate with children from the slums of our towns or the cottages of our countryside. And until the conditions of life

in the slums and cottages are greatly improved, we cannot blame them.

The university, then, is the only place. Workmen, chosen for their proved ability and eagerness to learn, must be brought to the universities, and they must be taught there the things which they wish to know. The period of residence required for a degree is too long for them; but they do not want degrees. Two-year courses, leading to a diploma, will satisfy them.

Further—and here the difficulties on our side begin—these workmen must not feel, while they are here, that they are a colony of aliens, indulgently tolerated on the outskirts of an impenetrable community. They claim the children's bread, and will not pick up crumbs under the table. Here we meet a dilemma. If they enter the colleges, and fall in with the mode of life which prevails there, will they afterwards go back to that of their own homes? If, on the other hand, they are housed in a separate establishment, like Ruskin College, can they mix freely, and as a matter of course, with undergraduates? The danger of a separate institution is that it might defeat the most important of the ends in view.

But it is not enough that workmen and young men of our own class should study in the same place and have social intercourse. If we are to deal with the problem I have described at such length, they ought to have some common training. Now, preparation for the duties of citizenship, the need of which is felt by the work-people, is even more needed by the middle class, though they do not feel it. The workman is a democrat by birth; the middle-class child is born and bred to the cult of aristocracy. Considered as a citizen of a State which is passing from Aristocracy to Democracy, it is he, and not the workman, whose education, in this respect, calls for the more fundamental change. And, further, the studies he needs to break the mass of herd-prejudice transmitted in his home and solidified at school, are the very studies which the workman claims to be taught—sociological studies.

The first need of the average university man is to be sent down if he will not work reasonably hard. But if he will work, what he needs is to be turned into a responsible citizen. We ought to remember that the mind he brings to us from his public school is innocent both of knowledge and of experience—that his native intelligence is overlaid with a caked and clotted mass of herd-suggestion and irrational prejudice, and that the only ideal whose force he has really felt is the ideal of Good Form. Our business should be to liberate his intelligence (which is often not to be despised), and set it at work questioning the validity of his prejudices and the value of his ideal. Make him think about religion and contemporary politics and morality and economics and the duties of a citizen.

The method is not new; it was invented by Socrates, and has since been praised by every generation of teachers as constantly as they have failed to practise it.

And in these studies give him, above all, the best possible associate—the working man. Let your future citizens of the two classes meet, and argue, and learn from one another. Let them find out that, underneath differences of dress and manners, and differences of opinion quite as superficial, they have in common not only our essential humanity, but also the same duty towards society.—Yours, &c.,

F. M. CORNFORD.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

August 9th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Any student who has tried to judge impartially the strength of the conflicting forces in English Education would point, I think, to the success of the Workers' Educational Association as one of the signs which justify most hope for the future. The Workers' Educational Association is giving voice and direction to a body of popular opinion which in its desire for educational reform has had no parallel in England since the years 1836-48. Its influence may be decisive in improving the conditions of the work of the public elementary schools, more especially in the physical care of the children, in the reduction in the size of classes, and in the development of supplementary courses and higher grade schools on the Scottish model. It is also opening the way for great improvements in rural education

by encouraging the establishment of centres like the People's High Schools in Denmark. Further, it is not too much to say that it has done more than has yet been accomplished in any other country to form for working men and women small tutorial classes for advanced study in various subjects under competent instructors. On which of these three lines it will achieve its greatest success we shall probably all agree that it is still too soon to judge. The three sides of its work are intimately connected with one another, and all deserve every help which can be given to them. But it is in respect of the third that, so far, the help of the universities, as such, has been most needed. And happily this help has not been wanting either in the old universities or in the new. It was in the promptness of its help and in the quality of the teachers which it sent out, that Oxford, in taking the lead, rendered so great a service to the wider interests of higher education in England.

Canon Barnett's letter, however, raises the further question: What is the main purpose of a university? Is not its main purpose the systematic extension of knowledge (knowledge with life in it), and the training of those who will take part in this extension? Other functions, indeed, a university may have, in addition (professional training, the upholding of standards of liberal education, the providing of opportunities for the self-education of young people through free discussion and friendly intercourse), but its main task, by its success or failure in which the permanent importance of a university stands or falls, is the systematic furtherance of living knowledge and the training of investigators and thinkers. If this view be sound, ought we not to consider, before deciding what part of its energy or income a university may rightly assign to educational organisation or propaganda outside its own walls, what the effect of such expenditure will be upon its power as a place of thought and research? And must we not keep this point in view when we seek to justify what the English universities, new and old, have done and are doing to help forward the undertakings of such bodies as the Workers' Educational Association?

History shows that a university adds most effectively to knowledge when it is in active sympathy with some great intellectual or moral movement in the thought of the time. Such sympathy appears not to depend on the mere accessibility of the university, or on its being open to all classes or even to men of all beliefs, still less upon its devoting part of its academic revenue to educational effort outside its own borders. It depends on the genius and courage of its leaders and on their power of inspiring those whom they teach. Cambridge in the time of Newton had no university extension. Göttingen in the last half of the eighteenth century, and Berlin in the first decades of the nineteenth, had nothing directly to do with the higher education of working men or working women. Oxford, in the days of Hurrell Froude, and Newman, was closed to Nonconformists. Yet each of these universities at the time named rendered in different ways a service to knowledge and the training of investigators, which affected in due course the whole of the national life. The reason, as it seems to me, was that in each case the leading spirits in the university were interpreting, with great intensity of conviction, and with much sacrifice of personal ease, some great intellectual or moral force in the national life.

It will be agreed that in England during the nineteenth century, and especially since 1848, one of the chief forces in the national life has been the desire to readjust the conditions of property, of employment, and of industrial effort in such a way as to secure for the community the fuller development of intellectual and moral powers thwarted and stunted by injurious conditions of life and by lack of adequate opportunities for self-realisation. The study of this problem requires as one of its primary conditions a real knowledge of the ways in which men and women live in different occupations, and in different parts of England, a knowledge extraordinarily difficult to acquire, owing to the variety of local circumstances, and owing to the social and industrial changes which are continually taking place. In order that this knowledge may be brought within the range of university studies in such a way as to give them guidance and life, those who are engaged in the main work of a university need to have direct and varied experience of the real conditions of life in the different social groups which make up the nation. This

experience, in consequence, the English universities from 1850 onwards have made efforts to obtain, first through the energy and insight of individuals, but with an increasingly corporate purpose, which, however inadequate to the task, has, at any rate, been persistent in the face of discouragement. The effort began with the part which resident members of the universities took in the establishment of working men's colleges in the early 'fifties. It took another form in the establishment of local examinations, the object of which was much wider than the mere provision of tests for secondary schools. It gathered force again in the establishment of the Cambridge local lectures, on the initiative of Mr. James Stuart. It was renewed at Oxford in the movement for University Extension, and in the organisation of the summer meetings. And now it has shown itself afresh in the form of co-operation with the Workers' Educational Association. Of course, none of these efforts would have been possible without the self-devotion of individuals, and what was best in their work came from a desire to share with others educational opportunities they had themselves enjoyed. But, from the point of view of the university as an institution (and this is the question which Canon Barnett raises), the justification of what was done and of the expenditure of university funds upon this kind of work must be found in the need for bringing first-hand experience of varied social conditions into the intellectual life of the universities, regarded as places for the systematic extension of knowledge. And this (apart altogether from the advantage which students and teachers gain from the Tutorial Classes and from courses of study arranged in the university itself) is a justification for this development of university policy, and a ground for hoping that great results will follow from it in English thought and subsequently in English social conditions.

Dr. Roberts has well shown how great a part many of the University Extension lecturers took in preparing the way for the work which is now being done by means of Tutorial Classes. Public opinion had to be aroused, and, not least, public opinion among the working classes themselves. In this task, great and memorable service to English education was rendered (to mention only a few out of many names) by Mr. James Stuart, Mr. R. G. Moulton, Mr. Arnold Toynbee, Mr. Arthur Acland, Mr. Hudson Shaw, Mr. H. J. Mackinder, Mr. Graham Wallas, Sir H. Llewellyn Smith, Mr. J. A. Hobson, Mr. E. L. S. Horsburgh, and Professor Grant, not to speak of all that has been done by Dr. Roberts himself, by Canon Barnett, and by Mr. J. A. R. Marriott. Both at Oxford and Cambridge, the University itself, as an institution, has devoted part of its corporate funds for many years to the development of this work. Dr. Roberts has given the figures for Cambridge; but, if I do not misunderstand his words, he is under a wrong impression as to the part taken by the University of Oxford. I believe I am right in saying that, for many years past, the University of Oxford has contributed in money £550 a year to the work of the University Extension Delegacy, not to speak of further financial assistance, which, though indirect, has been of considerable importance.

In this letter I have confined myself to the question whether the universities, as such, ought to concern themselves in the development of centres of higher teaching outside their own walls. The duty of individual members of the university, whether resident or non-resident, is another matter, with regard to which, of course, only one answer is possible. But the universities, as corporations, are primarily trustees for knowledge, and each application of their revenue must, I think, be subjected to the testing question whether, directly or indirectly, it will promote in an effective way the increase and systematisation of knowledge. In order that the universities may discharge their duty to knowledge, access to them must be made as easy as possible to all students who show promise of competence in the main work with which the universities, as such, should be concerned. To some extent, though with excess in some directions and with great deficiency in others, this increased accessibility has been secured by various reforms and by improvements in Secondary Education, to which Canon Barnett refers with approval. Throughout their history, Oxford and Cambridge have always had considerable numbers of poor students among their undergraduates. One business of the last twenty years has been to re-adjust the

methods of admitting poor students to the new conditions brought about by the improvements in public education, and in this work very much remains to be done. But for a guiding principle in this and other matters of university reform, I would suggest that we ought, first and chiefly, to look to the work which universities can do in adding to knowledge by systematised investigation, and that, according to their probable effect upon this primary work of the universities, the various schemes of university extension (so far as aided out of university funds) are rightly judged.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. SADLER.

Weybridge.

August 9th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If the educational ladder is not complete from the elementary village or city school to the higher seats of learning, the universities cannot be of effective use to the poor. In this case, the poor are being deprived of educational rights and privileges, and the nation of a submerged quota of otherwise possible intellectual efficiency. Every rung of the ladder should be made sound and secure. These are times in which nation is vying with nation in preparedness and strength of educational machinery. England cannot afford to be belated in the enterprise. China, Japan, and India present a speaking object-lesson. Their sons of mental grit and promise, after being intellectually trained and tested, are, at the expense of their respective Governments, assisted to pursue post-graduate or special qualifying courses of study in the higher schools of science and technology or the universities of this country, America, Germany, and France. It would be nothing less than suicidal on our part, with such handwriting on the wall, not to provide full facilities for the poor and other classes to obtain university culture where brain power and initiative are apparent. The question to solve is how to accomplish this without sins of omission and commission in the selection of the proper material. Canon Barnett's inquiry is pertinent as to the difficulty of justifying the expenditure of public funds on the type of scholar he indicates. A mode of selection of such laxity, by whatever authority exercised, must be condemned. The poor—and the poor strictly—by whom I mean the working classes, must alone be allowed to participate in a scholarship scheme devised for their use and benefit.

There are three distinctive means which may be mentioned—leaving private business out of consideration—by which the universities are endeavoring to serve the interests of the worker, namely:—

1. University Extension Lecture Courses on literature, history, commerce, industry, science, and technology, given in rural and urban centres. These may be supplemented by tutorial classes, and, in certain courses, by examinations.

2. The award of bursaries or scholarships—tenable, in some instances, in evening, and in others in day classes—of an approved college or university. In the latter case, the scholar is encouraged or required to pursue either a Diploma or Degree Course of study. Such scholarships are offered by various County and City Councils in their administrative areas.

3. Special bursaries and scholarships of a like value and application to those in Section 2, allocated by the Clothworkers' Company to a special school (e.g., the Marling School, Stroud); or awarded on examination results and other qualifications, as the scholarships of the Drapers' Company; of the Board of Agriculture and Technical Instruction of Ireland; and of other bodies.

Each means may be briefly considered.

I have had some experience as a University Extension Lecturer, having given short and long courses in the busy manufacturing towns of Lancashire, and in the villages and hamlets adjacent to industrial centres in the West Riding of Yorkshire; and it has, moreover, been my privilege to lecture to working men students in many parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the capacity of Clothworkers' Inspector for the City and Guilds of London Institute. My candid view is that the intelligent working man appreciates these educational crumbs—for they are nothing more than such—from a university source. I have reason to know him as apt to learn, teachable, and, happily, possessed with capa-

bilities for private study. He shirks neither the tutorial classes nor the examination work they entail.

Still, in science and technology, I question whether, owing to the growth in recent years of libraries and science and technical institutes, there is as much need for these lectures as there was ten to twenty years ago. Then the money was well spent; the lectures provided an educational want, and results, both in regard to those who attended them and to the centres at which they were given, proved generally satisfactory.

In the case of scholarships—means 1 and 2—there is the all-important matter of the selection of suitable applicants. As a sound working method, I may take first that of the West Riding County Council of Yorkshire. They offer annually a number of workmen's scholarships, tenable at the Leeds and Sheffield Universities, or at an approved college. The candidates must, as a *sine qua non*, be of the working classes, and possess the necessary training in science, giving evidence of it by examination results. Each eligible candidate is interviewed by a committee, including representatives of the two universities and of other educational bodies in the Riding. This system obviously prevents the well-to-do from trespassing on the preserves of the poorer classes.

The *modus operandi* of the Drapers' Company is based on a candidate's results in the City and Guilds of London Institute's Examinations in Technology and on the recommendations of the Examination Board of the Institute. As the Institute's examinations are mainly intended for the evening-class type of students, the selected candidates are working men, who otherwise could not enjoy the advantages of university training.

The Board of Technical Instruction of Ireland select candidates on the recommendation of local authorities; the qualifications, training, and social positions of the candidates being taken into account in making the awards.

To the working man, the acceptance of these scholarships, with a possible three years' course of study, involves personal sacrifice in many ways. In all probability he has to give up his employment—his livelihood—possibly some thirty shillings a week. That is item number one. Item number two necessitates encroaching upon his small store of earnings, for independence is a fine trait in his character, and the offer of financial help has proved a cause of offence. Moreover, he runs some risk of not securing a position in the long vacation, which he looks forward to as a chance of refunding his earnings, and providing the "necessary" for the forthcoming session. If this were the time, I could relate incident upon incident of the scheming of these impetuous workers to provide the wherewithal to join students' associations and attend student's functions. Actual savings have been effected by reducing the number of meals per day. One ingenious fellow escaped luncheon by requesting the privilege—granted, of course—to consult various works which, he said, could be more profitably studied in the quiet of the mid-day interval than in college hours. Truly, one-half of the university students are ignorant of how the other half live. Suffice it to say that these notes suggest that the career of the holders of workmen's scholarships at the university is marked by personal struggle and self-denial; by strenuous and praiseworthy endeavor to take a sober part in the student's life and activities; and by sustained study of a creditable character. As a friend and believer in working-class scholars, I desire to make their acquaintance in increasing numbers from session to session.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERTS BEAUMONT.

The University, Leeds.
August 7th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I submit that the only answer which a good democrat can give to the question now under discussion in your columns is: "None, so long as the Universities are under the present oligarchical and plutocratic control and influence; much, if they can be brought under the control of the whole nation." The right note is struck by your correspondent, Mr. H. Edwards, when he asks if it is not time "that the expenditure of our two ancient Universities was carefully examined from the democratic standpoint." Perhaps Mr. Edwards is aware—or if not he will be glad to know—that the Trades Union Congress has persistently and unanimously

demand a Royal Commission to inquire into the origin, value, and administration of the endowments, not only of our ancient universities, but of the great public schools. The production of an authoritative balance-sheet of these immense endowments, originally intended for the poor, would be of more help to the democracy in its struggle against educational privilege than all the efforts of those who are seeking to reform the universities "from within." It would be well that democratic politicians should lay to heart the fact that a real popular demand is springing up for this inquiry into the endowments. Unfortunately, the present Minister of Education has twice met the Trade Unionists' demand with a refusal.

Moreover, there can be no doubt that the feeling is strong among organised workers that all grades of education should be under public control, or, till such time as this can be realised, that at least the teaching of controversial subjects, such as economics and social science, should be under the control of the workers, and free in every way from the possibility of plutocratic influence. This feeling is not satisfied with arrangements under which control is vested in "joint boards," half of Labor representatives, half of university or other upper-class nominees. The organised workers have had too much experience of "conciliation boards" in the industrial world to relish this plan. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, together with some districts of the South Wales Miners' Federation, have given expression to their feeling on this point by affiliation to the Central Labor College, Oxford, which is exclusively under working-class control.

Finally, let those who wish to benefit the working class educationally remember that the cry of "no charity, but justice," is popular, and rightly so. If there are those in the universities who are desirous of spreading the light of learning among the workers from above, as a philanthropic enterprise, let them try; but if they think that their efforts will be permanently helped by getting "elected persons" of the Labor movement to sit on committees with them, or even by inducing Labor organisations to associate themselves with such work, as is done by the leaders of the Workers' Educational Association, I think they will prove to be wrong. In these days, when industrial warfare is intensifying, and the authority of leaders and "elected persons" is less than it has been, the impulse of the rank and file of the trade unions is more and more towards independence all round—in education, as in politics and industry. The best intelligences of the movement—those who are the true successors of the early Radicals and Chartists—are suspicious of all co-operation with universities as "master-class institutions," and their energies are turning, in educational matters, to the building up of such institutions as the Central Labor College. I believe few who realise the nature of the fight that lies before the democracy will fail to sympathise with this impulse, and see that it is a correct one.

Meanwhile, those who cannot abandon the idea of rendering the universities of service to the people will achieve their object soonest by helping to increase the volume of the demand for the absolute restoration of the means of education, in the great universities and public schools, to those for whom they were intended.—Yours, &c.,

August 8th, 1911.

A. H. M. ROBERTSON.

THE THEORY OF UNDER-CONSUMPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your last issue, Mr. E. J. Urwick, when reviewing Mr. J. A. Hobson's recent works, speaks of the "theory of under-consumption as very ingenious," and one is led to infer that Mr. Hobson is its author. I am sure Mr. Hobson would be the first to disclaim such a pretension. It is almost as old as its rival—"over-production." The most ingenious exposition of this theory is in a work on money, entitled the "Money Problem" (Grant Richards), by Mr. Arthur Kitson. Mr. Kitson traces under-consumption to a relative scarcity of purchasing power (legal tender). He contends that our legal tender and banking laws are wholly responsible for this condition. I find also an article in the May number of the "Open Review" for 1908 (Frank Palmer, publisher), entitled "The Riddle of Trade," by the same author, showing that over-production and under-

consumption are merely two different aspects of the same phenomenon, and are both correct. The former means that the tendency of industry is to produce more commodities than we have the legal facilities for exchanging. The latter means that those into whose hands the bulk of money flows do not—I should say *can* not—consume enough to keep enough money in circulation to maintain the continued prosperity of our trade. It is surprising Mr. Hobson has not dealt with this subject. Is Mr. Urwick unfamiliar with Mr. Arthur Kitson's works?—Yours, &c.,

A. J. CORBETT.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.

August 7th, 1911.

[Professor Urwick writes:—"Mr. Corbett is, of course, right in pointing out that Mr. Hobson is not the author of the theory of under-consumption. It was stated in a general form a century ago by Sismondi and Malthus, and subsequently contradicted by Say, Ricardo, and J. S. Mill. Mill's pronouncement on the subject was the accepted authority till the early 'eighties, when it was in turn attacked and the old theory re-asserted in a different form—e.g., by Crocker in America, and, a little later, by Mummery and Hobson and J. M. Robertson in this country. But Mr. Hobson deserves to be called an inventor, for he worked up the theory in connection with the "physiology" of industry in such a way as to make it a new thing, and also to give it a new plausibility and a new vogue. I confess I have not read Mr. Arthur Kitson's work; but I had an impression that he wrote subsequently to the publication of Mr. Hobson's first book on the subject in 1889."]

THE INTERESTS OF TRADE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Joseph Southall is a bold man to suggest that we should not make a fetish of commerce. No European government dare stand in the way of "the interests of trade." The smoke fiend will enter the beautiful city of Fez, scaring the peaceful storks, in order that traders may grow rich. French officials will write on the walls of Fez "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," and straight away turn the mosques into barracks, as they have done in Algiers. The Moors will be heavily taxed to make roads and railways which they do not want—and Europe will clap its hands, saying: "See how civilised we have made the Moors."—Yours, &c.,

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.

49, Roland Gardens, South Kensington,
August 9th, 1911.

THE LAW OF PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the present political crisis, when one hears so much said as to what is to be regarded as Constitutional and what is not, would you kindly permit me to direct attention to the dictum of a very high authority—a Parliamentary lawyer, who wrote a valuable "Exposition of the Law of Parliament as it relates to the Powers and Privileges of the Commons House." I refer to the work edited by S. A. Ferrall, Esq., K.C., and published by S. Sweet, Chancery Lane, in the year 1837. Mr. Ferrall, at page 58, says: "The King and the Lords can do nothing without the assent of the Commons, for, as Holland remarks, every baron of Parliament doth represent but his own person, and speaketh in the behalf of himself alone. But, in the knights, citizens, and burgesses are represented the Commons of the whole realm; and every of these giveth not consent only for himself, but for all those also for whom he is sent. The peers possess the privilege of legislating in trust for the good of the community, and in this sense they may be said to be also representatives of the people; but as they now hold this privilege hereditarily, they virtually and in fact but represent themselves individually. Not so the Commons—they immediately spring from the people, and represent the moral, the physical, and the financial strength and power of the country, and are, to use words of Queen Elizabeth, 'the body of the realm.' They directly represent those for whose advantage all prerogatives and privileges were created and conferred; and for whose good, whenever their abuse shall have rendered it necessary, they may be as Blackstone con-

tends, constitutionally resumed"; and the writer proceeds to state that "it is, and ever has been, a fundamental principle in the British Constitution—since our governmental practices deserved the name of Constitution—that whenever the Lords will persist in rejecting measures, which the King and the Commons believe, after mature and earnest consideration, to be for the welfare of the people, that these two branches may pass the desired acts without the virtual, or, if need be, the formal consent of the peers." I would conclude the quotation with one further sentence, viz.: "In 1642, the House of Lords, with the House of Commons, maintained that the Royal assent could only be suspended for a time, and could not be permanently withheld. It would be strange, indeed, if the constitution had made no provision against the folly and obstinacy of the peers."—Yours, &c.,

CONSTITUTIONAL.

August 9th, 1911.

Poetry.

H KOPH KOΣMOY.

(For "L'Eternelle Idole," Group in marble, by Rodin.)

CHILD of my love and master of my dreaming—
See, thou art naught unless I comfort thee;
Cling close to me,
Leaving the struggling and the scheming.
Thy brain throbs, lay thine aching brow to rest
Below the swelling pillow of my breast,
Where my heart, beating like a mighty tide,
Swells in my side;
Murmuring low the lore I never tell
That is my spell;
The wisdom only I possess,
Wide wisdom without bitterness.

O, I would give thee all my hidden treasure,
Child of my heart and master of my tears;
Lover, tormentor, that shall wound me all my years
How can'st thou measure
By the addition of thy poor delights'
Strange shadowy show,
The joy of sorrow, or discern
In utter, ultimate surrender lying
Hidden all powers, all might?
See, something dies within me at thy touch—yet no,
It sleeps in me, to wake in thee, undying,
And light a flame that shall not cease to burn.

Child of my hope and master of my sorrow,
For thee I folded first, then shed my wings,
Became despised of all created things;
That from my courage thou might'st courage borrow,
And, growing wise,
We might keep pace from earth to Paradise.
Already through thy flesh a wonder glows,
As from my wounded heart there flows
The shining glory of Love's alchemy,
My gift, transmuting thy mortality.
For, when thy famished lips from mine
Implored the touch, the drink divine,
I gave my magic to be thine.

Child of my pain and master of my yearning,
I breathe divinity upon thee, wake!
See how I strive the body to withdraw,
That soul may rush to soul, and slake
With starry fire
The rapture of desire
That is but shadowed in thy lips' wild burning:
That plays about thy trembling hand
And lurks behind thy sealed eyes.
Awake, arise!
Be thy completed self, and understand
Spirit and flesh made manifest;
Spirit's perfection, flesh without a flaw.
Time's wave rolls up, ride we upon its crest,
Mates for all time, no longer twain but one—
Child of my joy, and sharer of my throne.

CATHERINE M. VERSCHOYLE.

Reviews.

MEDIEVAL DOCUMENTS.

Alcuin Club Collections, XV. Visitation Articles and Injunctions of the Period of the Reformation. Edited by W. H. FRERE, B.D. (Longmans. 3 vols. £4.)

FRESH light on the Reformation is always welcome; and the present book was not only well worth writing, but has also been admirably done on the whole. The second and third volumes contain the text of all Royal or Episcopal Visitations and Injunctions issued between 1536 and 1575. Most of these, of course, had already been printed in different places; but some are from unprinted sources. All have been subject to careful textual revision; and the student may now for the first time read them consecutively and uninterruptedly with an elaborate apparatus of marginal cross-references and footnotes. The first volume contains an unusually exhaustive and accurate index and (most important of all) an introductory essay, in which Dr. Frere traces the history of episcopal visitations from the earliest times to the end of the Middle Ages. Here his direct historical work ends; for the rest, he wisely contents himself with explanatory, and sometimes expository, footnotes on the different points of interest which crop up in the documents themselves. It is these notes, and the passages of the text to which they refer, which will most interest the general reader, and which he will judge according to his particular religious standpoint. Many of these notes are, we confess, likely to seem disappointingly technical to students who are more interested in the broader development of religious ideas than in that "study of the History and Use of the Book of Common Prayer" which is the *raison d'être* of the Alcuin Club. But our chief feeling is one of gratitude for so many questions raised or answered upon points of more general human interest. The mere perusal of the index under the rubrics *Baptism*, *Bible*, and *Communion*, which together fill eight closely-printed pages, throws a vivid light upon those times of rapid transition, intense religious life, and inevitable unrest.

Dr. Frere, with all his fairness, is a living illustration of Goethe's maxim: "I can promise to be sincere, but not to be impartial." He feels most strongly the religious discomfort and the irreverence often bred by unnecessary violence during the Reformation period, where we ourselves should be most inclined to emphasise the intolerable state of things from which even those violences helped to free us. And it is from this point of view that we venture to criticise his book.

We find, for instance, a very strange abuse condemned by Archbishop Cranmer in 1550, and by Bishop Hooper in 1551-2. Some men, it seems, habitually paid others, or sent servants, to receive the Holy Communion by proxy for the sender. Dr. Frere first shows that this custom is reported as an English peculiarity by the Venetian Ambassador, Daniele Barbaro (1550); then he notes a plain reference to it in one of the Homilies (1563); and, lastly, he proves clearly that its immediate cause was the sixth rubric at the end of the Communion Service in Edward VI.'s first Prayer Book (1549). To ensure that this should not be, like the Mass, a service at which the congregation seldom communicated, the rubric ordains that

"Some one at the least of that house in every parish to whom by course, after the ordinance herein made, it appertaineth to offer for the charges of the Communion, or some other whom they shall provide to offer for them, shall receive the holy Communion with the Priest."

Upon this whole business Dr. Frere comments: "Nothing shows more painfully the depths to which irreverence had sunk than the hiring of people in order to take the place of those whose turn it was;" and the whole of his note implies that we are to charge this upon the Reformation. No doubt the rubric in question, and the whole attitude of the reformers, were not so spiritual as they might have been; yet surely the root cause of this irreverence was the long tradition of the Church. A service, in which all had originally communicated as a matter of course, was gradually changed into a ceremony in which no layman might touch the sacred wine, while not one in a hundred partook of the bread except at the single feast of Easter.

By the doctrine of "the application of Mass," the thoughtless had for centuries been tempted to look upon it as a saleable article. A medieval moralist tells us of a simple-minded knight who was astonished to learn, in his mature age, that the priest celebrated for any other reason than to earn his mass-fees. Engrafted upon these ancient ideas, the rubric of the first prayer-book bore bitter fruit indeed; but here, as in all similar abuses of the Reformation period, we may trace quite as much to the parent stock as to the new graft. It is noteworthy, indeed, that the only two bishops who publicly combated this new abuse of Communion by proxy were such determined Reformers as Cranmer and Hooper; that the latter gives as his reason, "for no more doth the Communion prevail, being taken one for another, than doth baptism"; and that the most definitely Protestant bishops were fighting through these years (1549-52) against certain popular and time-honored forms of "application," which to them seemed "buying or selling the Holy Communion." We cannot help wishing that Dr. Frere's notes had brought this out; and in several other equally important matters his views of the Revolution might perhaps have been a good deal modified by a closer study of the Ancien Régime. Not that he has actually neglected this, however; on the contrary, he constantly refers back to the centuries covered by Wilkins's "Concilia"; but the ground is so wide that he has very naturally missed several points of capital importance. In his account of the changes at St. George's, Windsor (I., 139 ff.), he might well have noted that the Edwardine reduction of the priestly staff was in exact accordance with the policy of even orthodox and conservative Catholics, from Innocent III. to Sir Thomas More, who confessed that the outrageous number of priests, and their consequent low qualifications, were a source of great weakness to the Church. Dr. Frere implies again that medieval synods not infrequently "regulated and advised study of the Bible" (II., 10). In support of this he quotes Bishop Langham's constitution of 1364; yet we believe that he would find it difficult to produce a parallel to that constitution, among all the hundreds printed by Wilkins, between the Conquest and the Reformation. Moreover, even Langham's injunctions do not necessarily point to Bible-reading, since the term there used, *Sacra Scriptura*, included also the writings of the Fathers.

In this our Editor has probably been misled by following Abbot Gasquet without careful reference, as he certainly has in other cases. He claims, in one breath, the authority of the Abbot's "Medieval Parish Life" and of the medieval canonist Lyndwood, without noticing that the former has grievously misquoted the latter (II., 41). He is equally uncritical in adopting an optimistic judgment on medieval preaching, which is contradicted by two important records omitted by Abbot Gasquet from his catena of quotations from Wilkins—the preamble and first constitution of both Neville's and Wolsey's Synods (1456 and 1518). Lastly, he adopts without reserve the Abbot's account of the Wigmore case as against Froude's. Yet not only is that account not borne out by the first document in Booth's register (to which, without producing it, Abbot Gasquet appeals), but it is contradicted on important points even by the Visitation which Dr. Frere himself prints from Fox's Register (II., 30). On the one hand, we find Dr. Frere pleading in defence of monasticism that "the case is exceptional, as the exceptional treatment shows" (I., 127). On the other hand, Abbot Gasquet's defence of his peccant brother rests mainly upon the plea that the Visitor's Injunctions were mere matters of form: "the usual regulations," he says in one place (II., 370).

Again, Dr. Frere seems scarcely to realise how much precedent there was for Henry VIII.'s personal interference in the Visitation of the monasteries. An earlier and better example than that which he quotes from France is the action of the Duke of Brunswick in the Visitations of North German monasteries. The orthodox visitor, Johann Busch, who tells the story himself, shows plainly how impossible any serious reform would have been without the sovereign's help: for "the bishops and the nobles were against us everywhere," he says, "even in the case of monasteries where the religious lived dissolutely in incontinence and disobedience." It would be cynical to plead that the Alcuin Club, being mainly concerned with the history of the Prayer Book, cares for none of these things. Indeed, Dr. Frere does care

very much for all that is deepest in the human heart, and has collected so great a mass of valuable evidence on more important matters than ritual, that we regret it all the more when he seems to lean towards views which, instead of explaining the Reformation, tend only to represent it as a mysterious manifestation of original sin. His accounts of Archbishop Boniface's visitation at St. Bartholomew's, and Grandisson's at Exeter, show a similar tendency to soften medieval irregularities, thus throwing the irregularities of the reformers into unnatural relief.

Some day, let us hope, we shall have an equally careful and good study of the medieval visitations and injunctions; and then the reader, with his feet on the fender, may trace the evolution of religious ceremonies and discipline from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. Meanwhile let us thank Dr. Frere again for what he has given us, and select a few out of the many points of human interest in his documents and notes. We find Bonner, in Mary's reign, looking closely into the points upon which ancient discipline had been weakened under Edward VI., and inquiring "whether there be any that will not now have his child christened but in the English tongue . . . whether there be any that will not suffer the priest to dip the child three times in the font (being yet strong and able to abide and suffer it in the judgment and opinion of discreet and expert persons), but will needs have the child in the clothes, and only to be sprinkled with a few drops of water?" Again, we find Elizabeth, in her first Royal Injunctions, ordering

"that no manner of priest or deacon shall hereafter take to his wife any manner of woman without the advice and allowance first had upon good examination by the bishop of the same diocese, and two justices of the peace of the same shire, dwelling next to the place where the same woman hath made her most abode before her marriage, nor without the good-will of the parents of the said woman, if she have any living, or two of the next of her kinsfolks, or, for lack of knowledge of such, of her master or mistress where she serveth."

Many more such extracts might be given; but we hope we have sufficiently indicated the value of this book.

FOREIGN COUNTRIES IN THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

"The Encyclopædia Britannica." 11th Edition. (Cambridge University Press.)

It is a favorite amusement with the traveller who is spending his first week in Constantinople to stand on the Bridge of Galata and attempt to identify the racial types and the strange costumes as they file past him. The Kurdish porter dreams of massacre as he kicks the heels of a laden Armenian; Arabs, Albanians, and Circassians flaunt an aristocratic tradition as they walk, proud servants, before a clumsy Turk in uniform; a Spanish Jew goes by in medieval gabardine; Greeks and Bulgars dream treasons and rivalries beneath the fez which professes loyalty. It is with something of the same sense of bewilderment that one turns the pages of the foreign articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica. Here is Babel translated, history fore-shortened, and mankind collected in one contemporary crowd, like the motley figures in a "Last Judgment" fresco. A certain uniformity in the method results only in a revolutionary confusion. Here are the dynasties of China set out with the same methodical and impartial accuracy as the successors of Charlemagne. The prejudices of race, which allow us a contented ignorance of Celestial potentates, stand silently rebuked. The atmosphere of willow-pattern or Persian tile vanishes utterly in these exact and punctilious narratives. It is a monumental achievement of careful scholarship, and in its whole plan a vast realisation of a catholic ambition. No pains have been spared to make every article intimate and familiar. Indeed, to a mind that has a taste for this sort of arm-chair exploration, it is the articles which deal with the less accessible countries that offer the chief temptation. One is not surprised to find the history of Holland competently handled. But stumbling, as one moves down the alphabet, upon an account of Chile, one notes, with unexpected interest, the vividness and sureness of the writing that has made its annals live from the days of the first conquerors down to Balmaceda's downfall. It is by such

a test as this that the thoroughness of a good encyclopædia must be tested. About France and Germany we are none of us quite ignorant, and in one way or another we spend, as readers, an appreciable part of our lives in accumulating knowledge about them. But it is to the nearest encyclopædia that we commonly turn when we have to fill the void of our comprehensive ignorance about Chile.

The scale on which most of the historical articles have been written shows a just appreciation of the functions of an encyclopædia. One may go to it to verify a date or recover a forgotten name in the remoter history of France and Germany. It may be useful to read in bald fact the skeleton records of a period. But a wise man who wishes to inform himself in a more leisured way on the history of any nation within the pale of civilisation will turn to some other shelf of his library. The editors have done well to make these articles for the most part bare and compressed records of fact. But somewhere in the last century the stream of the narrative suddenly broadens, the scale is altered, and the whole style of the chronicle becomes more human and more adequate. The history of the last half-century is always less accessible than that of more distant periods. The history of the last ten or twenty years can rarely be found at all save in a book of reference. The plan of assigning a quite disproportionate space to later years has every justification in convenience, and the fullness of the pages which deal with recent history of the Great Powers adds enormously to the value of the Encyclopædia.

The personalities and the manners of the many hands which have contributed to this work vary so enormously that it is difficult to frame any general description of their performance. It is always competent. It is usually objective and fair. It achieves brilliance and style only once—in Mr. Bodley's chapter on the recent history of France. If to be readable were the chief merit that one desired in the major articles of a book of reference, one would assign to that article an easy pre-eminence. But such an individual or personal quality has its drawbacks. Mr. Bodley has written remarkably well on the aspects of modern France that more particularly interested him—the conflict of the Republic with the two traditional dynastic ideas, the significance of the plebiscitary theory and its revival under Boulanger and Déroulède, the long anti-clerical struggle and the Dreyfus affair. But neither the foreign policy of modern France nor its social legislation is as fully treated as one could have wished. The peculiarly interesting history of the French Socialist movement is hardly even sketched. If there is no brilliant writing in the German article, its seriousness, balance, and objectivity are a more than adequate compensation for some lack of atmosphere and personality. From the appearance of Bismarck down to the fall of Bülow it is, in brief compass, a model of what such a contemporary history should be. The temptation to polemics and pamphleteering has, on the whole, been avoided, and even in reporting the more crooked episodes of Bismarck's policy, the justification (such as there was) is given with scrupulous fairness. The varied strands of European policy, Colonial expansion, tariff controversies, social legislation, and the struggle with Social Democracy, are skilfully interwoven. The appreciations of German parties and personalities are remarkably judicious and fair-minded. Only in one particular does this objectivity break down. The naval question is handled on the basis of the assumptions which prevailed during our recent scare; the challenge of our Dreadnought building is hardly mentioned; the menace of M. Delcassé's policy of encirclement is ignored, and both in the article on Germany and in the articles on Europe, Mr. McKenna's panic figures and charges of accelerated building are treated as the last word of historical fact. Such lapses as this from fairness occur rarely in these articles. The recent history of Hungary may be cited for its almost painfully conscientious handling of a highly controversial theme.

The general historical articles show an immense advance in scholarship on anything which has previously been attempted in English, and the writing within the restricted compass of a summary is often refreshingly vivid and good. The article on Camisards, brief though it necessarily is, may be mentioned as a brilliant little sketch of an obscure but fascinating chapter of history. The bibliography has received special attention, and is usually as judicious in its

valuations as it is full in its references. Some eccentricities of judgment add a certain piquancy to the collection. There are not many modern historians who would now conclude an accurate and duly critical article on the Crusades with a paragraph of rather elevated rhetoric on their spirituality and idealism. It is, on the whole, the opposite tendency which rules in this Encyclopædia. We would refer a reader who wishes to form an idea of what exact modern scholarship means in the obscurer regions of history and ethnology to the article on the North American Indians. Its elaborate catalogues and classifications, its enormous masses of philological detail, and its uniform dismissal of almost every essay in generalisation or theory are a perfect epitome of the general condition of contemporary historical work. One thinks with a certain regret of the more daring speculative articles which used to adorn the earlier editions of the Encyclopædia. Their successor, with all its fulness and its accuracy, is defective where a philosophic touch was needed. We turned with large expectations to the article on Europe. Here was the opportunity for bold treatment and broad thinking. It is a theme for an essay on the slow struggle towards unity through Empire and Papacy, through the sympathetic but cruel discipline of religious wars, through the furnace of the Napoleonic welding, and the conscious groping of the revolutionary movements of '48, of modern international Socialism and the contemporary peace movement. Instead of such an essay there is nothing but a dry and summarised general history, ending with a paragraph or two on the Anglo-German struggle with the moral that "Might is Right." It is a history of Europe which denies the idea of Europe. In its failures no less than its achievements this Encyclopædia fairly reflects the dominant tendencies of contemporary work. It is halting and timid in its philosophic scope; it is full and accurate, and, on the whole, objective in its handling of facts and details.

IN THE REIGN OF RICHARDSON.

"Samuel Richardson." By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. The Regent Library. (Herbert and Daniel. 2s. 6d. net.)

IN discussing Lord Rosebery's address on Thackeray the other day, Sir William Robertson Nicoll demurred at his practically placing "Vanity Fair" above all other—or, at any rate, all other English—novels, and went on to say that, if driven into a corner, he (Sir William Robertson Nicoll) would probably give his humble suffrage for "Clarissa." People of modern opinions, who tend irresistibly to censure "Clayhanger" with their enthusiasm, might incline to regard this suffrage as an affectation. Yet to readers of experience, who eye "Tom Jones" askance—as every Nonconformist, it seems, must—"Clarissa" is really the only alternative, unless we are prepared to be persuaded by the mellifluous plea of the Earl of Midlothian. Does not Alfred de Musset agree with Sir William in calling "Clarissa" "le premier roman du monde"? Chronology and sentiment alike proclaim the priority of Richardson, whose "Pamela," we must always remember, provoked the immediate forerunner of the other serious claimant—"Tom Jones."

An index volume to Richardson, such as the volume before us, must, in any case, be pronounced a very sensible boon to the readers of this generation. To be appreciated absolutely, of course, Richardson, like any other writer, must be partaken of in bulk. To most modern readers, however, it must be admitted that the length of Richardson's individual novels is decidedly formidable. The bulk of "Clarissa" debars the multitude from appreciating it at all. A book-physician would prescribe India paper treatment. And it certainly does seem Richardson's due that the profession which he adorned should do a little more for the alluring presentation of his works than has yet been attempted. Failing India paper, however, a good deal may be done by judicious and skilful excerpts or selections. It is a pity that so much obloquy has attached itself to the cause of selections in this country. Their disrepute, based largely upon the hypocritical or snobbish pretension that everyone has leisure and opportunity to read all the classical writers, has been most injurious to the formation of literary taste. A good attempt at the refutation of this silly super-

stition has been made of late by Messrs. Bell's "Masters of Literature," of which the present Regent Library may be termed a vigorous off-shoot. Nothing could be much better in form and design than this present series. The title is excellent, the selection of authors interesting, and the workmanship very good. The economist, whether in money or space, is promised a select shelf of charming volumes at an alluring price, and can provide himself with a fair miniature of some noted writer, whether he be Newman or Disraeli, Shelley or Cowper, Mrs. Gaskell or the Little Burney, at the price of a single seat in the pit; without waiting, he will obtain twice as much entertainment as the first row could ever afford; and when the entertainment is over, he will not have to wait for the hundredth performance in order to obtain an enduring souvenir—something material to show for his money. The selections are made with much sympathy and no little skill, and the extracts are linked together by explanations which are capitally done, and give the reader just that appetite which selections so often fail to excite. The story and the story-teller's faculty of continuity are thus sampled, as well as the style. A few passages from the letters would have perhaps made the representation a little more complete; the passage, for instance, in which Richardson describes himself to Lady Bradshaigh is highly indicative:—

"His eye always on the ladies. If they have very large hoops he looks down and supercilious and as if he would be thought wise, but perhaps the sillier for that. As he approaches a lady his eye is never fixed first upon her face, but on her feet, and thence he raises it up pretty quickly for a dull eye."

And it is a pity perhaps that no more specific reference is made to Miss Clara Thomson's analysis of "Clarissa"; nothing could well be better as an appetiser for that portentous fiction. In the introduction, Miss Kaye-Smith has many happy phrases, even if the criticism is a little more conventional than befits the extremely adult tendency of Richardson's art. About Richardson's life and character, the opportunity of going wrong is restricted. But the editor says, happily, that the novelist is a moralist by design, and a genius by accident; consequently, he is a far finer genius than moralist. His wonderful knowledge, she adds, of lives, loves, and thoughts, of which he can have had little or no experience, is due to a typically feminine characteristic—the intuition, by means of which the law of compensation has atoned to woman for a poor judgment and a treacherous imagination. "He has all a woman's sensitiveness." She complains too much perhaps—or at least a little needlessly—that Richardson's women are not at all of a high type—that they are, in short, common people; to which one feels inclined to retort, with Lincoln, that they may be common, but God seems to have preferred common people. He created so many more of them than of any other kind. His morality, she continues in a too fluent generalisation, was the morality of the eighteenth century. Hence it was that Fielding and Smollett and Sterne give us an eighteenth-century picture which it is possible to appreciate from a twentieth-century point of view, while in order to enjoy and understand Richardson, one must transport oneself, outlook and all, to the days of artificial sentiment and commercial morality. We hardly know what Miss Kaye-Smith precisely means by eighteenth-century morality. But Richardson's was certainly not the morality of Gibbon, or Goldsmith, or Johnson, or of Fielding, or Walpole, or Sheridan. It is essentially the tradesman's morality, ancient and modern; the morality of the petty shopkeeper and prudent chapel-goer and merchant. Pamela's plain-gold-ring-virtue is pre-eminently of this order. But the Richardsonian scene goes beyond and transcends this. It crosses the boundary of the provincial and becomes universal, because it is so absolutely human. No writer before Richardson had a profounder insight into the nature of the attraction which one sex exercises upon the other. It may have been done sub-consciously; but however it was done, Richardson penetrates the secrets, the very arcana of the human heart in love, as few, if any, have done before or since. He shows how love of a passionate order reacts upon the inherited or acquired rakishness of a Mr. B. or a Lovelace. He shows the tender passion overcome in the weaker vessel by calculating prudence or supreme virtue. Marriage is regarded as a veritable sacrament and

indispensable shelter and protection for women, and Pamela is exhibited trading for it, and Clarissa sacrificing to it. Can this be termed eighteenth-century morality? A pre-occupation of man is, it is true, converted into his sole occupation. But this is readily condoned. We do not go to Richardson for proportion, but for intense and microscopic analysis of the human heart under the particular emotional condition induced by an absorbing passion, and we get it.

Because Richardson's text is free from indelicacy or obscenity, the eighteenth century—which was perfectly entranced by his sentiment—set to work, hypocritically, to persuade itself that the tendency of Richardson's work was pre-eminently moral. The word was passed by Johnson, who pontificated to the effect that the little printer had taught the passions to move at the command of virtue. Richardson adopted the testimonial with tradesmanlike perception and alacrity. Hardly any writer is free from such a promising tyranny as this. What novelist can resist the temptation to ride harvest home on a reputation for superior sanctity or superior wickedness—whichever his particular generation may incline to affect? Fielding saw through the pretension at once, and no critic, with any claim to perception, has ever doubted it. Richardson's novels are unmistakably lascivious, and they achieve this result under the cloak of the strictest propriety—nay, the most virginal delicacy. Who can wonder that such an exploit should have elicited the most unequivocal admiration of Diderot or De Musset? No works illustrate, as they do, the frequent and minute changes of temperature which characterise the duration of the love-tempest. The distraction and moral disquietude of the great passion are represented here as never before or since on an almost superhuman scale. Disfigured as it is by every kind of defect, beginning with the cumbrous and complicated epistolary form, such work fathoms human nature, and is in as little risk of extinction as any work ever created in the same species. The objection to the length of his novels is irrelevant. The novel pre-supposes leisure. The essential in Richardson absorbs no more time than Trollope's, Thackeray's, or George Eliot's best. Richardson soon obtains his grip; the reader becomes intent to a most unusual degree, and no Richardsonian ever quits the mammoth without a feeling much more akin to regret than to relief. Even Grandison, good as he is on principle in every relation of life, becomes interesting, and even dramatic, under this exhaustive treatment. Chastity, it has to be realised, is Richardson's guiding theme—a merbid subject, if you like, and a morbid taste. But not peculiar to the eighteenth century. Some of Richardson's scenes have hardly been surpassed in realistic suggestiveness by any master of the French school; and, despite the enormous superiority of Fielding in the matter of taste, style, humor, gentleness, and knowledge of the world, the reader experiences infinitely less interest in the truly charming Sophy Western than in the morbidly virtuous, smug, and sanctimonious "little" Pamela.

A CRUSADER.

"The Voice of the Forest." By JOSEPH BURTT. (Unwin. 6s.

THERE are some people who abhor fiction, as Nature abhors a vacuum. To them, truth is not only stranger than fiction; it is more interesting, more important, more romantic and terrible—finer and more valuable in every way. When a man has seen reality, why should he invent lies? When he has lived a life, why should he put us off with characters that never existed? Here is my friend, Mr. Joseph Burtt, for instance, who accomplished a great public service by helping to expose the horrors of the Angola and San Thomé slave trade some five or six years ago. He dwelt on islands where very few English people stay. He traversed hundreds of miles of desert and forest in Portuguese West Africa that not many Europeans know anything about. He enjoyed unusual advantages for becoming acquainted with the planters, the traders, and governors of the country. At the same time he was endowed with a genuine and intimate sympathy with the natives—the kind of sympathy that breaks down barriers and is the key to knowledge. No Englishman is better qualified to write an exact account of those two misty islands under the equator where the cocoa plantations are, and of travel through the heart of Angola, along that high plateau which pours down the Kasai into the Congo on one

side, and the tributaries that make up the Zambesi on the other. To all who care for Africa, I think it would have been a book of extraordinary interest—all the more because even Portuguese Africa is changing at last, and if ever the railway from Lobito Bay to the Cape-to-Cairo junction in the interior is finished, the change will be rapid. All the more again, because in such an account he must have dwelt upon one of the greatest problems now before the world—the problem of tropical labor.

Instead of writing such a history, Mr. Burtt has thrown his rare experience into the form of a novel. To the few who are so perverse as to abhor fiction, the choice is rather disappointing. But I cannot doubt that he was right. For one thing, he will get at least fifty times the number of readers, and, after all, one writes to be read. There is something strange in human nature, which enjoys an imaginary event, while it turns in boredom from the most unusual and important account of reality. Mr. Burtt is himself a far more interesting personality than the hero of his novel, with the heroine and all the other characters thrown in. But for one who would care to hear about Mr. Burtt and his true adventures, there are scores who will revel in the deeds and motives of these mere figments. One cannot now discuss this queer aspect of the human mind; but to those who, like myself, do not understand it, I would only say that Mr. Burtt's book is not a tale of fictitious adventure and bloodshed, such as is generally written about Africa by novelists ignorant of the country. Hidden under the imaginative form, one may find a very accurate picture of travel in Angola, of the natives, the wild animals, the officials, the far-off mission stations, the hideous diseases, and, above all, the gloom of an ancient slavery that broods over the whole land.

All this background of reality is admirably suggested, and it is only because to myself it is of such absorbing interest that I dwell on it rather than on the story of love, heroism, and the obstacles of officialdom. I myself never saw or heard lions so near the town as Mr. Burtt represents, but who that has been kept week after week waiting for carriers or oxen in Benguela, will not recognise this picture of that pestilent and filthy place, for generations the chief centre of the export slavery?—

"And, lest withering drought and consuming heat be too merciful to intruding man, the ousted beasts, from their lair in the dry river bed, or the distant mountain side, strive to regain their territory. Leopards and even lions approach the city, and at night the ghoul-like hyenas prowl over the silent streets. Deadlier far, disease crouches unseen in foul corners and hidden places, sending forth armies of germs that make all things putrid; and swift-winged flies stab men as they sleep, till insidious poison riots in their veins and they rave with fever. The vast open praças and wide, unclean streets, lead out past the huts of natives and the halting-places of Boer caravans, to a sandy plain flecked with the bleaching skeletons of oxen and horses, and heaps of human bones and smooth glistening skulls, strangely white in the sun. . . . Beyond this plain, with its thorny bushes and coarse vegetation, the mountains rise like purple gates to regions of savage mystery; whence, winding down over the yellow paths, come long, snake-like lines of carriers to trade with rubber and wax from the interior."

In the mention of these paths, Mr. Burtt was perhaps thinking rather of Katumbella, a few miles further up the coast, for it is there that the chief route from the interior issues over the mountains. But it is not only carriers of wax and rubber that come down it. For centuries those little paths that lead right through the heart of Africa have been slavery's high road. On the very first day's march, this is what every traveller sees:—

"Look to your left, under that overhanging rock. But you had better finish your lunch first."

"Jimmie did as he was told, and saw a decomposing corpse that had been nibbled at by animals, but still lay in the attitude of death."

"It is probably a slave," Russell said. "A free carrier would have been buried. . . . They bring natives down from the interior and send them to the cocoa islands."

"This is the fifth skeleton that I have seen in a few hours. What does it all mean, Russell?"

"That these poor devils are forced to go against their will, and die on the road, I suppose."

Yes; that is what it all means, and the further the travellers went, the more terrible became the evidences of the traffic. "Couldn't sleep," said one of them, who was found walking about at night:—

"Couldn't sleep, the corpses in shackles get on my nerves. Can't we do something to stop it? These slavers ought to be exterminated like vermin."

"'But we are not rat-catchers,' Russell said, 'and the trouble lies in those islands where they are willing to pay long prices for laborers, and ask no questions. Given a market there always will be rascals to collect natives. It is like driving sheep.'"

Certainly, the market is the cause of it all; but, as Mr. Burt knows, there are markets on the mainland as well as on the islands, and I believe there is not a single plantation of sugar-cane, sweet potato, or coffee in all Angola which is not worked with slave labor. Russell's answer sounds self-restrained, but in the interior it was impossible to keep up that composure; and the two men became "rat-catchers" indeed. They lighted upon a Portuguese slaver at his trade, and by his treachery were entangled with a gang of the Batetela mutineers, or "Revoltés," as the Belgians call them, who rebelled against the Congo Government many years ago, and, till lately, were among the chief instruments for supplying slaves to the Angola traders. The origin of their revolt was the atrocious murder of their great chief, Gongo Lutete, by the Belgian Lieutenant Duchesne. The story is told by Sir Harry Johnston in his admirable "Life of George Grenfell," which really contains the whole history of the Congo. And the only mistake I have found in Mr. Burt's book is the date of 1903, which he fixes for the murder and the beginning of the revolt. It is perhaps a slip for 1893, which is certainly nearer the truth. Speaking of these remorseless cannibals, who were powerful when I was in Angola, and are probably still holding out among the Congo tributaries west of the Lualaba, Mr. Burt writes:—

"'How do they get their guns?' Jimmie asked.
"'By raiding villages and selling the natives they catch to the traders, who are only too glad to exchange guns for slaves. They send them to the coast and ship them to the cocoa islands. The whole district is rotten with slavery. Every trader buys and sells slaves; he could hardly live without the traffic.'"

That is the essential truth of the matter. The whole district of Angola is rotten with slavery. A trader could hardly live without it. Neither fair promises nor good regulations will stop it. The intentions of the present Government are excellent. The export slave-trade to the islands has been checked, at all events, for the time. But until the local governors and their subordinates are both strong enough and incorruptible enough to resist the wealth and power of the planters and their hired agents in Angola, Portugal, and other lands, the abomination will not be extirpated. The real importance of Mr. Burt's book lies in his illustration of this central fact, and for that reason he must excuse me for not doing justice to the interest, excitement, and cheerful humor of the rest of the story.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

A MISUSE OF STATISTICS.

"The Nation as a Business Firm." By W. H. MALLOCK. (Black. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is a curious thing that a brilliant literary man like Mr. Mallock should have abandoned what might well have seemed a "clear vocation" in order to absorb himself in the unexhilarating work of exposing the fallacies of Socialism. Most of his controversial works upon this subject, however, are interesting for their ingenuity of general reasoning in defence of the central thesis that wealth and economic progress are attributable to the able and energetic few, not to the mass of laborers. But this elaborate statistical argument for the refutation of the Marxian doctrine of increasing misery and of the figures of Mr. Chiozza Money is really little better than a waste of time. Few persons will read it, for there is abroad a wholesome mistrust of such speculative statistics. There is a story of a keen young Indian civilian, newly arrived in the country, who was dilating with admiration upon some elaborate comparative tables of crops which came before his notice, when he was interrupted by an old official, who remarked that the composition of the tables was doubtless admirable, but that the figures in the last resort rested on the word of the ordinary local zemindar, who just put down anything he liked.

We would not assert that the basic estimates upon which Mr. Mallock builds are quite so unstable. But when he tells us that the national income of Great Britain for 1800 was computed "by a variety of methods" at between £170,000,000

and £180,000,000, it may be well to remind him that none of these computations were worth the paper they defaced. And there is scarcely more warrant for the modern figure of £1,750,000,000 or £1,800,000,000. As for the portion that falls to labor, the calculation of which at several periods employs so much of Mr. Mallock's ingenuity, it is built upon very loose guesswork, even if we took as a valid foundation the general wage figures for men, women, lads, and girls, furnished for 1888 by the late Sir Robert Giffen. But these figures, though issued on high official authority, will bear no scrutiny. The great mass of unskilled, low-skilled, and casual labor, especially in the case of women, was not subjected to any direct measurement of any sort. In the case of the skilled manual trades, where employers' reports formed the chief, or often the sole, basis for wage computation, the worth of the whole process was vitiated to an unknown extent by the purely voluntary nature of the returns, as well as by their extreme paucity in many important trades. Yet it is from this rickety foundation that Mr. Mallock ascends to the construction of the preposterous table on page 52, which imputes £94 per annum as the average family income of the "mass of unskilled wage-earners" in this country.

Not more reliable are the methods by which he minimises the elements of "unearned" income falling to the well-to-do and rich. As an example, we may take his treatment of site values. Taking the low figure of £15,000,000, arrived at by a valuation in the early 'nineties as the site value of London, and applying an arbitrarily excessive scale of diminution for the proportion of site to building values in other towns and villages, he gets the sum of £41,000,000 as the site value for the whole country. To this he adds an allowance for agriculture which brings the total land values to a little over £80,000,000. This mode of reckoning is quite worthless. There was little foundation for so low an estimate as one-third for the original computation of site value in the rateable value for London, and in any case the amount of London site values, and almost certainly the proportion of site values to building values, has risen since. There is no warrant for placing the proportion so low as one-fourth for great provincial towns or one-seventh for the rest of the country; or, indeed, for taking actual rating assessments as any adequate measure for arriving at true values of land and houses. The elaborate inquiries into income-tax returns, as instruments for arriving at the amount and distribution of incomes among the various classes, are full of similarly delusive or purely speculative elements. For instance, there is nothing but the vague guesses of "experts" to go upon for the important element of undisclosed income, and upon such a matter an expert is little better than the man in the street.

There can be no doubt that the Socialistic phrases about "the rich growing richer, the poor poorer" and the common notion that three-quarters of the wealth of the country go as rent, interest, and profits, are wild exaggerations. But to correct them by these mazes of sham-accurate statistics only imports fresh confusion into a controversy incapable of such settlement. What is wanted is a really scientific assessment of incomes, with general powers to compel disclosure, together with a full and compulsory wage-census.

A STORY OF ADAPTABILITY.

"Mrs. Drummond's Vocation." By MARK RYCE. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE efforts of moralists, such as Ruskin, to bind Art to the chariot-wheels of ethics are interesting, but it would be perhaps an easier task to treat Art as an appeal from ethics to life. Even the most perfected ethical system, in any age, must always stand in relation to human nature as a temple is to the earth, and the day arrives when the creed of a vanished people falls into fragments while its Art remains comparatively strong in its appeal. This can only be because Art does justice to those permanent forces in life and nature which ethics seek to train in particular directions. It was with good reason that Plato banished the artists from his Republic, for he realised that they would soon criticise his system in terms of life, and end by affecting the former as the roots of a tree end by splitting the masonry that overlays them.

The pseudonymous author of "Mrs. Drummond's

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"Vocation" in vain attempts to conceal her sex under the pen-name of "Mark Ryce." No man could have written this witty novel; for the element which one set of people will call "audacious," another set of people will recognise as the essential basis of feminine ethics—woman's adaptability. In his clever play, "The Madras House," Mr. Granville Barker, after bringing home to modern woman her sins of omission and commission, was left despairingly repeating: "I want . . . I want in you . . . something a little more after my pattern." Man has said that in all ages, and woman has adapted herself, superficially, to his demands as she adapts herself readily to the mode of the crinoline or of the hobble-skirt. It is her morality to adapt herself while "finding" herself most fully in the exercise of her distinctive functions. The author of "Mrs. Drummond's Vocation" is no exception to this rule of adaptability when she writes in her Foreword: "I see the heroine as you see her, and, in the interests of humanity, could wish her different"; for her tale proves that any "difference" in her heroine is as much, and nothing more, than is a change of dress to the eternal feminine.

The heroine, Lily Crane, a bewitching girl of eighteen, of mixed French and English blood, is found by Samuel Drummond, an English missionary on his way out to China, in the Café du Perroquet Bleu, in a back street in Boulogne. Very clever is the account of the effect Lily's "honey-colored eyes" have on the earnest young man, one which may be summed up in her grandmother's words: "Monsieur interests himself in your soul." Madame Louvrier is a thoroughly good woman, and does her duty by her granddaughter. "The Anglais was angular and plain and awkward, eh bien oui, mon Dieu; but he was, it was plain to see, amoureux fou of the little one; and something about his clothes, his boots, his hideous silver watch-chain, gave a comfortable confidence that he was well-to-do." Samuel, after learning that Lily is not a Catholic, proposes to her, and the couple are married without delay by the Rev. Mr. Billings, an old minister from Leeds, who has been ordered abroad by his doctor. Mr. Billings is so scared by the audacious atmosphere of Boulogne that he fears to go further into the interior. He confides gloomily to his fellow minister that his is a rich connection, and "they got up a subscription to give me this 'oliday. I don't know that they'll like me tarrying here, but I reely 'aven't the courage to go on." The young couple, however, do not tarry, like Mr. Billings, and take the train to Marseilles, en route for the China boat. Very amusing is the picture of the courageous and indomitable laborers in the Bledsoe Mission—Brother Bland, Sister Smith, Mrs. Blacker, and Mrs. Brady—and of the converts, such as Ah Fee, who are brought into the fold and become "welly good Chlistian." For eleven years Lily labors in the "vineyard," and is "moulded" by her husband. The marriage is a complete success, and Lily learns to do her duty among the women and children of the converts—is gentle and thoughtful of Samuel's comfort, picks up more easily than anyone else the dialect of the district, and so takes her full share in the great work. Lily is so perfectly adaptable that she has no other ideas or thoughts apart from her husband—"his work was hers, his interests the only ones she knew." But, after eleven years, Samuel Drummond dies of fever, and Lily is face to face with the fact that her husband has gone for ever. The missionaries give her all the consolation in their power; they assure her again and again, with Mrs. Brady, that "God is good; you can be pretty sure He knew what He was about when He called Samuel." But, in her grief, Lily can find nothing to reply, either to them or to Ah Fee, when he fixes his queer, tight-buttoned eyes unblinkingly upon her, saying, "Missee Dlummond, no cly. Master welly happy 'longside Ledemer." We are shown her, as she sits in the hideous parlour of her little house, trying to realise her loss. "A minute later and she was alone—alone for the first time in her life, one may say. For, from the day when Samuel Drummond married her, she had never spent five consecutive hours away from him. And now he was gone for ever. She sat alone in the dying light, trying, as women have tried before, to realise the meaning of the words 'for ever.'"

The point of the story, which now develops with startling rapidity, is whether Mrs. Drummond, as a missionary, has found the vocation meant for her, and whether she will take it, should the chance be given her. Fate has it that,

in the journey home from Manchuria by the Trans-Siberian International Express, Lily falls in with an attractive Russian—a certain Prince Troumetskoi—rich, charming, and pleasure-loving; in short, Samuel's antithesis. All the feminine qualities that the good missionary was wont to regard as sinful, now flower in Lily's nature. We shall not describe the course of events in this section of the story. Indeed, we expressly warn our readers not to peruse these truthful pages unless their human sympathies are as catholic as their charity is broad. It is sufficient here to say that Troumetskoi has as little fault to find with Lily as a woman as Samuel found with her as a wife; and when, a year or so later, the two part in Paris, it is with respectful understanding. Lily now returns to the home of her late husband's parents in Clapham, and the Parisian episode is buried out of sight. What moves our admiration of "Mark Ryce's" psychological skill is the perfect naturalness with which Lily resumes her old habits when she is back in the fold. She is perfectly adaptable. We quote a passage characteristic of the author's style:—

"Mrs. Drummond?" the invisible person under the umbrella asked her.

"Yes. How—how is Mr. Drummond?"

The invisible one closed the gate and bade the cabman mind the sides of the door and the corners of the stairs, and led the way to the house.

"Is body is as bad as can be," she answered slowly, "but 'is soul is full of light."

Lily gasped. It was at once so strange and so familiar. Samuel would have said it, or Mr. Brady, or Brother Blacker, or Sister Penguin—any one of the missionaries; but it seemed years since she had heard such a phrase and her ears had grown strange to it.

She found herself falling back into the once familiar phraseology as if she had never left it. Half-forgotten things about the old days in China came back to her mind; Samuel, of whom she had not thought for so long, became again a close, almost living, personality.

"Samuel used to say," was often on her lips, or "I'm sure Samuel would think —"

Paris seemed like a dream. Sometimes she told herself that it, the house, Troumetskoi, all were unreal, that she had been imagining them.

On her first Sunday in Clapham, she went to chapel, and the hymns they sang were familiar to her, word for word. The very smell of the close little place carried her back to the Mission. The language she heard was the language of the Mission; the preacher who took Mr. Drummond's place looked like Brother Smith; the little organ squealed and chuckled just as squealed and chuckled the one so many thousand miles away. Lily had only to shut her eyes to see that other chapel.

Often, too, she dreamed of Samuel, and her old feeling of admiring submission came back to her so strongly that she could not shake it off even when she awoke.

One day old Mrs. Drummond had gone to see Gladys's new baby—who had unexpectedly turned out to be twins—and Lily was sitting near the old man, reading aloud to him. . . . There were pink-lined sea-shells on the chimney-piece, and a white marble clock, with Mercury, balanced in outrageous defiance of the laws of gravitation, on the top of it. There were two large glasses full of Pampas grass. On the large mahogany table stood gilt-edged books, arranged in a wheel-like pattern; there was a rug with a flaming-eyed poodle embroidered on it; the chairs were of green plush, the sofa was of horsehair. The wallpaper was ochre and chocolate, and of a dismal pattern.

No room could have been in greater contrast to that delicately beautiful one near the Bois in Paris, and yet Lily did not rebel at it.

In fact, she thoroughly approved of the clock, and the rug reminded her of the long since dead Folichow.

We must repeat that the "Mrs. Drummond's Profession" is not a story for minors, nor that very large class of admirable people who disapprove of an attitude to life of philosophic detachment. People, on the other hand, who enjoy "Candide," or the stories of M. Anatole France, will welcome this tale, maliciously human, and cosmopolitan in outlook. The author does not attempt to correct life, but to paint it as it is. In the character of her heroine she has cleverly portrayed a type of feminine intelligence that is everywhere around us; though, indeed, in our own country this type takes, generally, the impress of a serious, highly respectable atmosphere, and rarely discovers the potentialities that can come into being as easily as certain plants develop fresh characteristics when transplanted into new countries.

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given very patient study to the comparatively new science of palæo-botany. There are few marvels of research like that which has made the rocks yield the microscopic structure of plants that ceased to live scores of millions of years ago. Pollen grains, which in the summer gardens complete their office and vanish within the space of a few hours, remain for us through the ages just in the act of reaching the megaspore. Nay, more wonderful than that, spores have been caught in the sporangium of a fern, germinating—as spores will—if, owing to damp weather, they are not discharged when ripe. The inquiry into the ancestry of flowering plants throws into prominence that archaic but persistent family—the Cycads—and the strange and insufficiently admired being the maiden-hair-tree. It is scarcely within the present century that these were found to be fertilised by swimming spermatozooids, like the ferns, mosses, seaweeds—and animals. Still later was it discovered in the marvellous book of geology that many Mesozoic, fern-like plants actually produced seeds, a fact that throws back the origin of flowering plants into Palæozoic times. In this little book the inquiry is pressed home upon position after position. Obviously the problem cannot yet be fully solved, if ever it can be fully solved. But the student is given something like the last word upon a branch of science that is virtually no older than the present century, and has hitherto scarcely been known to popular literature.

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HOLIDAYS and hot weather have half emptied the Stock Exchange. Business has been at a low ebb, and the tone of it has been dull. The London Dock Strike, and the railwaymen's strikes in the North-West, have led to a sharp fall in Home Rails, and American Railroad securities have also been consistently weak. The harvest in the States will come sooner than usual. Money to finance it will be wanted exceptionally early, and the rate for call-money in New York is already showing a tendency to harden. Speculators look upon that fact as a sign to restrict their dealings, and this appears to be the principal cause of the fall of prices in Wall Street. The same circumstance is having an effect on the London Money Market, where the steady increase in the supply of American bills has caused an equally steady rise in the discount rate to 2½ per cent. The Bank Return shows a large outflow of coin to the country, for which the Bank Holiday is largely responsible. The Bank, however, has steadily been gaining gold from abroad, and there is still a substantial surplus of credit in excess of the market's requirements.

THE DOCK STRIKE AND BUSINESS.

Besides its effect upon the Stock Markets, the Dock Strike has been disorganising business in other directions. In Mincing Lane, buyers and sellers of produce—and rubber in particular—have been considering, with some anxiety, the question of what is to be done if the strike lasts long enough to delay the delivery of goods being sold now. Sellers reject responsibility for delay, and buyers do not see why they should pay for goods which they don't get. Brokers do not guarantee delivery, and are not affected. In case of need, meetings will probably be held, and sellers will arrange to extend the time of payment. On the Baltic the Corn Market has been disorganised, especially for delivery ex store. Lloyds alone has profited by an increase of business in insurance against strike risks, and the rate rose from 2s. 6d. to 10s. for insurance for a month against damage by strikes, riots, and civil commotions, excluding loss due to delay. To insure frozen meat against loss due to delay, as much as £5 per cent. was charged. Altogether, the City is being thoroughly upset by the strike, and the evil that it does will live after it in the form of reduced

figures for foreign trade in August. In the circumstances, it is not unnatural that City men should find some difficulty in entering into the rights and wrongs of the men's grievances in a sympathetic spirit.

LORD HAREWOOD AND THE YORKSHIRE PENNY BANK.

Last week I referred in this column to the position of the affairs of the Yorkshire Penny Bank, and Lord Harewood, the ex-President, has now written to the papers to explain his attitude towards the re-constitution. The substance of his explanation is that the Bank was prevented by its articles of association from carrying on business according to the only methods which professional bankers consider sound, although Lord Harewood appears not to be quite sure that they are right. The Bank, he says in effect, was a benevolent institution, and now that it has ceased to be purely benevolent, he has ceased to be its President. That is, no doubt, a manifestation of the philanthropic nature of his motives; but it may be observed that the retirement of the President is coincident with the regrettable necessity which the regular banks are under of providing two millions of capital for his institution, and a guarantee against future depreciation in the value of its securities. This is a heavy burden upon them. It is the result of methods of business pursued during Lord Harewood's presidency. What responsibility, it may be legitimately asked, does he accept for those methods? If none, his name should not have been used; if any, it seems strange that he should wash his hands of the bank just when others are voluntarily taking upon themselves the burdens which have been created by those methods.

THE CITY AND THE FINANCE BILL.

It must be accounted a misfortune, from the financial point of view, that the debate on the Finance Bill should have taken place at a time when the minds of men were occupied with other thoughts. The question of national credit needs ample discussion, and it does not obtain it under present circumstances. It is much to be hoped that in future years nothing will be allowed to prevent the due consideration of the Bill at the proper time. To postpone it and leave it for discussion at the fag-end of a session offends unnecessarily against the instincts of business men. The practical utility of the debate on Consols was injured by the too great prominence allowed to Sir Frederick Banbury's comparison of Consols with the Funds of foreign Governments. It is the merest child's play of financial criticism to compare Consols with the Funds of the United States, for instance, for reasons well known to Sir Frederick Banbury's constituents, if not to himself. To deduce conclusions as to the relative credits of two borrowers by comparing the prices of their securities is always unsound, unless all characteristics of the securities are taken into account. It is especially so in the case of governments, the characteristics of whose securities differ fundamentally. United States Government Funds differ, of course, from Consols in that all but the small recent issue carry the currency privilege.

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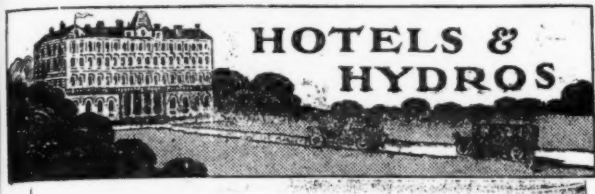
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